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Memoir Of Thomas T. Lynch

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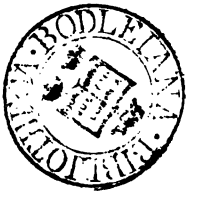

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is considered a mistake to commence a book with an apology, and yet an apology seems requisite for the present Memoir. The materials for an adequate and attractive biography do not exist. Mr. Lynch kept no diary, nor was he, especially in latter years, much of a letter-writer. His correspondence was generally limited to notes, which, though bright with wise and kind and piquant remarks, could not be published without explanations that would submerge the text.

Why then make the attempt?

Because those who knew Mr. Lynch, whether through his ministry or his writings, are urgent, and reasonably urgent, to have some account of

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his career, however imperfect. "If there is not much to tell," they say, "at least let us have what there is."

And though we have not all that we desire, there are many things we are unwilling should be forgotten.

Mr. Lynch suffered severely from detraction, and it is due to justice that the truth concerning him should be placed on record. His biography, moreover, affords invigorating evidence of what is possible to Christian faith—how infirmity and pain, sorrow and calumny, may be surmounted; and a spirit, not only of resignation, but of cheerfulness, thankfulness, and hope maintained.

Those who knew Mr. Lynch most intimately will know with what sincere simplicity he wrote,—

"11*th March*, 1868.

"If you were a preacher I fancy you would feel, as I do, very much dissatisfied with yourself. And physical infirmity aggravates the spiritual difficulty of the work. But after the wave has gone a hundred times over my head,

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my head for the hundred and first time appears again over the wave, and is greeted by a sunbeam. Many are the sad things of life, but it is fear that is most to be feared, and doubt that is most to be distrusted."

And remembering his sincerity and simplicity, we have thought it well to preserve a clear and straightforward style throughout the Memoir, leaving Mr. Lynch as far as possible to speak for himself. He had a nice sense of words, a passion for accuracy, and an abhorrence of eulogy that meant little; and with the fear of his disapprobation over us, we have felt safety in defect rather than excess.

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CHAPTER II.

EARLY YEARS.

1818—1840.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH was born on the 5th of July, 1818, at Dunmow, Essex, where his father, John Burke Lynch, was a surgeon, held in much respect for his kindness and professional skill. His mother, Miss Lydia Daniel, of Derby, had been married in her nineteenth year, and he was the tenth of eleven children.

When Thomas was two years old, his father died; and the occasion and circumstances of his death are thus described:—

"It was winter, and there were heavy rains, and much sickness. Fatigued, and suffering from a cold, he was invited to attend the funeral

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of one of his deceased patients. From regard to her and her friends, he imprudently went; but, used to exposures, he went without much fear. The day was wet and cold; and as he stood by the grave, he felt he was wounded, but knew not that it was fatally. Death was with him when he returned from the dead. For some days he was ill, and as much as possible he rested; but one evening, returning early for a few additional hours of sleep, soon after he had lain down, he heard his surgery-bell ring violently. He rang his own, that he might know what was wanted. The messenger was from one seized with sudden and dangerous sickness. On learning this he rose at once, and ordered his horse. 'Surely,' said his wife, 'you will not go, ill as you are?' 'Lydia,' said he, 'something must be instantly done, or the man will die.' Very sorrowfully she closed the door, as the sound of his horse's gallop died away. All night he was absent, and at daybreak he returned weary and very ill. Retiring to his bed, he remained there through the day. That day his wife did for him all that the disciplined

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ingenuity of love could devise. The next morning, as she was preparing his breakfast in the parlour, his bell rang. She was by his side before it had ceased sounding; but when she entered, he lay as the dead, smitten senseless. If moments may be discriminated, the first was of agony, the second of prayer, the third of wise action. Instantly she despatched messengers to a surgeon and physician, both attached friends. Though they were each able to arrive shortly, they arrived in vain. Said the surgeon earnestly, 'We must save him; we must!' The physician shook his head. What could be done was done; but that night a new name was entered on God's book of widows." *

Mrs. Lynch, yielding to the advice of friends, removed to London, and settled in Islington, devoted herself to her numerous family, several of whom died in early life. She was a woman of great energy, and of most genial disposition—artless, affectionate, cheerful, attracting the love of all who knew her.

Thomas was a bright boy, of eager, vigorous

* Theophilus Trinal.

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intellect, fond of sports, and excelling therein. To his mother's peculiar satisfaction, he gave evidence of a pious disposition, and a serious and protracted illness when about eight years of age tended, no doubt, to deepen religious thoughtfulness. Many little poems and hymns written in childhood prove how early he connected things seen and temporal with things unseen and eternal.

He was for some time a pupil and afterwards an usher in a school at Islington. One who was his companion there writes,—

"It is about forty years since I made Mr. Lynch's acquaintance as a school-boy. I have a vivid remembrance of his bright flashing eyes lit up with intelligence, his conspicuous ability, his ardent thirst for knowledge, his amiability of disposition, and his general excellence of character. I procured for myself a Hebrew grammar, lexicon, and Bible, that I might assist him in commencing Hebrew. When he became a fellow-assistant, I think we read together portions of the Greek Testament and

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of the Septuagint. He was a capital teacher. I do not remember the slightest jar."

His constitution, however, was not sufficiently robust for the duties of the school-room, and it became an anxious question as to where he should find occupation. His mother, with true prescience, was persuaded that his vocation was that of the preacher, nor was his disposition at variance with hers.

At this juncture a painful and serious affliction overtook him. Whilst sitting at dinner he was suddenly seized with a constriction of the throat which prevented his swallowing. The affection was not transient, but, with alleviations, life-long, and for several years subsequent to the first attack, he could take little or no solid food. At the same time his appetite was good, and he had to endure the pangs of semi-starvation. The best physicians were consulted, but no marked relief was obtained. The nervous system they said required strengthening, and cessation from study and ease of life were their prescriptions.

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Compelled to pass many hours in solitude, his mind was more and more engrossed with the seriousness of life and the interior relations of God and man.

Among his chief recreations was botany. No wild flower for miles around was unknown to him; and the sight of a new plant, or of one which he had not seen for years, continued to afford him intense pleasure throughout life. In music, too, he found exquisite satisfaction. As he wrote, "Music ventilates my spirit. My ears become the opened windows of my soul, and sweet airs enter—airs from the everlasting hills of hope, across which lies the heavenly country." A sister taught him the notes, and from thence he trained himself to considerable proficiency. Handel, Mendelssohn, and Purcell were his favourite composers; and Purcell, he thought, had never received the appreciation that was his due.

Verse-writing was one of his occasional amusements, and as if the youth contemplated the publication of a volume he prepared the following curious—

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"DEDICATION.

"TO MYSELF.

"DEAREST MYSELF,—As you have had some concern in writing these verses, and are besides my oldest and most intimate friend, it is but proper that I should dedicate them to you. I wish you to take this rather as a token of affection than respect. Our near relationship and close intimacy make me still retain some regard for you, although you have much injured me and thwarted many of my designs. Perhaps this token of that regard may induce you to alter your conduct, which I confess has much distressed me lately. Since you have, as I said at first, been privy to the writing of these verses, and given me also some aid, they will perhaps if you peruse them carefully, bring old times to your remembrance, and make you think how very unkind you have been to me. I do not wish to be too hard upon you, because I know that I have not been altogether faultless, but I would have you consider that since nature has made me so dependent upon you, you ought to use your power mercifully. You know very well that when I want to be doing one thing, and feel that I ought to do it, you try to make me do something else, and either compel

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me to desist from my attempt, or make that attempt a failure, and sometimes when a little poetic feeling comes upon me, you chase it rudely away; nay, when I have been carefully nurturing a thought for my own improvement or innocent pleasure, you have disturbed me, and compelled me to desist, and then, when I have endeavoured to recollect the thoughts that pleased me, you have prevented me. Now I would not blame you too much, because it is not to be expected that you and I should always agree, had you not been more tyrannical and hard to please lately, than ever you were. You know very well that you have deprived me of many little indulgences you used to allow me. You once would help me if I attempted to write a few verses. Perhaps you will say that you do not help me now, because I do not write such as please you. I know they have many faults, but you are to blame for this—not I. I do my best, but as you are aware, cannot do much without your assistance. Why will you not help me? Why will you vex me with your ill-humour? And when I seek relief by shunning your company, why will you still follow and annoy me? I am desirous to maintain my friendship with you, but really can scarcely avoid a quarrel. I would not have you be too confident of your power, for I have many

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hopes of being one day your master, instead of as I now am, almost your slave. I must however allow that sometimes you are as agreeable as I could wish. You must recollect well how pleasant our intercourse together has been on such occasions. I wish we had such times a little oftener. We might have, if it were not for you, for though I have sometimes treated you improperly, I am now as desirous of your welfare, as of my own. I shall say no more, but shall leave the verses to work their effect upon you: they ought to be valuable to you; they will let you, not a little, into the secret of your own nature. They were written as much for your benefit and amusement as my own, and excepting you and I nobody has anything to do with them. I rather court than fear your criticism, because, as I have told you, you are to blame for most of their faults, and I wish you to feel ashamed of the defects that have arisen through your unkindness.

"I remain,

"My dearest myself,

"Your affectionate though injured companion,

"I.

"1833."

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I'm sitting in the evening shade,
The Bible on my knee,
Heav'n's canopy is over head,
Its air around me free.
And in my heart I trust the love
Of Christ my Saviour glows;
My eye is on the depths above,
My spirit in repose.

I've often looked upon this sky,
And often felt its charm,
And oft I've seen the clouds float by
Upon its bosom calm;
And yet this gentle quiet eve
It fills me with delight,
Fresh beauties yet I can perceive,
Enjoy again the sight.

It is as if the glorious scene
Were wholly new to me,
And why?—'tis true the sky serene
Has not this novelty;
But yet it is as fresh and fair
As if it just were made,
There is the stamp of newness there,
Newness that cannot fade.

I would not have another sky,
Nor other sun or moon,
Nor other starry lights on high,
Nor other flowers at noon.

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Oh no! of those that now we have
I never sure can tire,
I've loved, will love them to the grave,
Nor any change desire.

And thus, O Lord! this book of Thine,
This sacred book of truth,
Although with its contents divine
Familiar from my youth,
Is still as fresh and fair to me
As Nature's smiling face,
I ask, I want not novelty,
In Thy displays of grace.

Its sacred stories are like flowers
Of every form and dye;
Its truths like stars at midnight hours,
That speak immensity;
Its sun of righteousness, that shows
At every page His light,
Like Nature's sun, for when he glows,
Surrounding Heaven is bright.

In these I've ever something new,
Fresh with each coming day,
Some beauty to attract my view
Whose charm will not decay.
I want not any change till Thou
Shalt will that I shall die,
And make the part thou giv'st me now,
Whole in eternity.

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VICISSITUDES OF THE COUNTRY.

The country is pleasant when forth you can go,
And wander in valley and hill to and fro;
Can see the blue sky and breathe the fresh air,
And gaze on the prospect unbounded and fair;
Cull each pretty wild flower, scan every nook,
And trace among meadows the wandering brook.

Look forth on the upland and down on the vale,
And over the steep, rugged hill-path prevail,
Till the summit attained, with admiring eye
The valleys and streams, hills and woods, you descry,
All glowing in sunlight, or deepening in shade,
See Nature's sweet objects in beauty arrayed.

But when sky is obscured and sunshine is gone,
And all that the eye meets is vapour alone;
When through the damp air the landscape looks dim,
And close o'er the water the boding birds skim,
The hill-sides are misty, the valleys are dark,
In the cornfields no more sings the gay merry lark;

When Nature turns cheerless, and gloom all around
From the ground to the sky, from the sky to the ground;
The eye roves in dismay, all delights are forgot,
No longer is thought of each beautiful spot;
The pleasures of town-life are sighed for again;
For 'tis found that with pleasure, the country has pain.

Derby, 1838.

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"OUR SOFA."

There lived of late a bard who sung
  In lofty strains the Sofa's praise;
Like him, but with untutored tongue,
  A song on kindred theme I raise.

"Our Sofa," subject of my song,
  Oh aid my muse to strike her lyre,
In notes as high and deep and long
  As thy dimensions can inspire.

No mere apology art thou,
  Unworthy of the Sofa's name,
Oh no! compared with thee, I trow,
  All other Sofas sink in shame.

Capacious front and lofty back,
  And cushioned seat most wondrous wide,
And massive legs that would not crack,
  If Lambert's self should rest his side.

All these thou hast, yea, more,—thy length,
  Stretching full many a foot along,
Might let Goliath's wearied strength
  His full extent of legs prolong.

Unlike the man with ass of yore,
  Who pleasing some, displeased the rest,
To loll, or nap, or sigh, or snore,
  All who desire will seek thy breast.

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No narrow width repels the fat,
  No cramped extent excludes the long,
Let all who ever on thee sat
  Take up thy praise and join my song.

Thou peerless Sofa! many a year
  May'st thou afford a quiet seat,
And still continue to appear
  To tired legs a safe retreat,

Recruiting youth's exhausted power,
  And resting age's wearied frame;
How pleasant art thou at this hour!
  Long, long may'st thou remain the same.

"Genesis and Geology" in those times stood for an alarming and irritating controversy, and in a letter to a friend occurs the following remarks on Dr. Pye-Smith's share therein:—

"ISLINGTON, *7th June*, 1838.

"I did not hear Dr. Smith's Lectures on Geology. I hope he will publish them, that I may have the opportunity of perusal. It is reported, surely not with truth, that the Congregational Board have refused to publish the Doctor's lectures because they disapprove his sentiments. Can this be so? As a Dissenter I

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feel ashamed at the thought. I feel convinced that no better method could be devised for bringing the Bible into contempt, and religion into ridicule, than wilfully to place the book of God in opposition to the truths of science, and turn the grand instrument of human felicity into an engine to keep back advancing intellect. To require for Truth more than truth demands is to turn its enemy. To make the Bible an authority on matters which come not within its province may be the result of a sincere feeling of respect for it, but it is not a respect which either religion or reason approves. If the Bible be really the word of God, and our interpretation of it be disproved by the facts of science, that interpretation must be wrong. It must ever be recollected, though I do not remember having seen it argued, that our belief in the Bible as a revelation from God rests on no higher evidence than any scientific truth. If the evidence on which its authority rests, Historic and Internal, did not satisfy our reason, we should reject it. Now, when an opponent of Geology, or any other science that appears to

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contradict Scripture, says to me—You are to believe the word of God rather than trust the fallacious reasonings of men, he forgets that he is virtually, by telling me to distrust and disbelieve my senses, removing the very basis on which my faith in revelation rests."

From another letter we select a few passages relating to his health and prospects:—

"LLANELLY, CAERMARTHENSHIRE,
"*15th October*, 1838.

"I have for some time past been staying in Wales. . . . . I left —— at Christmas last, the weak state of my health rendering me incapable of any longer discharging my duties. Since then I have remained at home unable to enter on any other engagement. I still continue in a very weak and nervous state, quite prevented from attending to my studies, and indeed unequal to any continued mental effort. . . . . At present it would be useless for me to treat for any situation, uncertain as I am when I shall again enjoy health and vigour of body and

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mind. It has been, as you may readily believe, a great trial to me to give up study, but my medical advisers required me to do so, and prohibited me for some time even from reading, although in this respect I cannot say I obeyed them to the full extent. They ascribe my affliction to my having had greater mental exertion than I had physical strength to support. . . . . .

"From the little experience I have had in teaching, I have formed high ideas of the importance of the teacher's work, the responsibility of his office, and the qualifications, particularly moral ones, that are required of him. I feel strongly how lofty a standard of personal excellence he should aim at, and how constant and persevering must be his efforts to attain it. Should I again enter the employment, I trust it will be under the influence of these feelings. I have been, however, for some time doubtful whether I should again engage in teaching, or enter on a university course of study."

To the same friend he wrote four months subsequently:—

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"ISLINGTON, *12th February*, 1839.

". . . . . I am thankful I am able to tell you that I am getting better, and though I am not very sanguine as to a speedy recovery, yet I do hope I shall be thoroughly restored in time.

"I thank you for the hope you so kindly express that in my case affliction may have been the means of spiritual improvement: this is the result it ought to produce in me, and I trust it has in some measure done so. Let me assure you that the friendly earnestness with which you press upon me what I as well as yourself feel to be the most important of all subjects needs no apology. I have for some time felt the evil of my own heart, and the necessity for its renewal by those influences of God's Spirit which are alike needed by all and promised to all. But I will freely confess, that though religion has ever had my respect, and I have been ready to acknowledge its importance, it once occupied but a subordinate place in my practical regard. I trust that I have now a deeper feeling of its value and its claims, and

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endeavour to act accordingly. I now feel that the greatest acquirements, the highest mental cultivation, are vain if religion be neglected—incapable of affording happiness to their possessors or of benefiting the world as they might do if joined to true piety. But though I feel this to be true, I do not for a moment allow that there is any necessary opposition between the pursuit of human learning and the claims of religion. I will readily admit that many of the wise and learned of this world have been either indifferent to the revelation of their Maker's will, or have openly scoffed at it and derided its authority; but this is not because there is any peculiar tendency in their pursuits to produce such a disposition; it may be traced to causes altogether independent of them. Science and literature may be pursued with the paltry object of gaining distinction: when this is the case, the zeal and ardour which are directed to their cultivation are but one of the many forms which that love of the world, which is enmity to God, can assume. But when they are loved for their own sakes, when the mind finds its

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reward in the pleasure it derives from the contemplation of truth, the danger of the record of *Divine* Truth being neglected is far less. God manifests the same attributes in the plan of the universe, in all that man can understand of its vast extent and its varied details, that He manifests in the volume of Inspiration: and I do not really believe either that the Bible can be properly appreciated, without a love of science—that science which teaches us to admire God's works, or that Nature in all her grandeur, loveliness, and perfection can be fully understood without the Bible. One great reason, I think, why so many possessed of inquiring minds, and loving the pleasures of intellect, have been and are now found among the irreligious, is that the mode of preaching the truths of the Bible and exhibiting them has not been so much adapted as it ought to have been to this particular class of minds. Theology has been preached rather than religion, the meaning of the Scriptures explained rather by a ready-formed system than by a comparison of one part with another and an honest en-

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deavour to ascertain the simple, plain meaning of what is said. Religion has certainly been preached too dogmatically, a mode of proclaiming its truths alike unnecessary, injurious, inconsistent with apostolic practice, and opposed even to the example of Christ himself, who, though He spoke with authority, always adapted his instructions to his hearers, and refused not to answer even the captious questions of those who asked not from a desire of knowing truth, but that they might, if possible, believe that false which they wished were so.

"But I am getting prosy, and tiring you. Within these last few weeks I have begun to attend some evening courses of lectures which are being delivered at the London University to schoolmasters and ushers: as they only require an hour or two three evenings in the week, they do not make too great a demand upon me. The subjects at present are Greek, Professor Malden; and Mathematics, Professor De Morgan. Professor M. is giving a complete analysis of the Greek language. We have just commenced the verbs: I expect to be much

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interested in his development of their theory. I know not whether you are at all acquainted with the new method of teaching languages upon the system of 'crude forms;' by means of this system the Greek language may be learnt far more satisfactorily and with much greater ease than by the old plan. . . . . I am particularly fond of mathematical science, and had, previous to my illness, made some little progress, but I have retrograded sadly. . . . . .

"I suppose you are not infected with the mania for universal suffrage which is the epidemic of the North—perhaps I should rather say, the great nostrum which is supposed to have virtues that can cure all the diseases of the body politic, a nostrum in which many have such faith that they will endure their sufferings till they can obtain it rather than try the effect of any other medicine." . . . . .

Writing to the same friend in the subsequent year, he reports some improvement in his health, and enlarges on the divine providence in happiness and suffering :—

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"ISLINGTON, *8th April*, 1840.

"I hope I am somewhat better than when I wrote last; but fond as I am of looking on the sunny side, I cannot deceive myself into any very bright hopes of a speedy recovery. I cannot say as Paul could, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content;' but I am studying the lesson, and I trust have made some progress. I am inclined to think there is more sweet than bitter mingled in man's cup—that there are more happy persons in the world than sad ones—that the joyous moments of human life, of every individual life, outnumber those of pain. This is a delightful thought, and far more comforting, I think, to me in my measure of affliction, than the consideration of others' woes. It is true we may learn patience by comparing our slight pains with the far greater ones our friends or our fellow-men endure; but we get this only—that which will alleviate pain, and not what will afford direct pleasure. When we think of the innumerable springs of enjoyment at which thousands of happy beings are refreshing themselves, a feeling of positive plea-

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sure arises in the mind, especially if that mind have in some degree imbibed the spirit of religion. There is much that is painful and sad in this great and glorious world, though not sufficient to warrant the epithet—a waste, howling wilderness—which some pious persons have incautiously made use of. There is much that is extremely perplexing to our limited capacities; yet we can see so many uses in suffering, so many advantages that spring from its endurance, that no great demand is made upon our faith when we are required to believe that 'He doeth all things well.' It is not the fact of a difficulty's being unexplained that distresses the mind so much as its being inexplicable; but we know that none of the difficulties about the Divine administration are inexplicable; they are only relatively obscure—that is, obscure to us—and are in reality as fully evidences of God's wisdom and goodness as those of His ways we are permitted to comprehend. We may, and ought, to see God, the same God, in everything —in the provisions made for our happiness, and in the laws which inflict pain. And yet what a

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sad instance is it of our moral derangement that pain leads us to thoughts of God, often unjust thoughts; whilst daily enjoyments, though they tell us in clear and harmonious accents of his goodness and beneficence, are disregarded. It would seem as if the best men have such imperfect vision that over one or other of the modes in which God displays his character and speaks to us of Himself, a veil is generally spread.

"The Christian in health and comfort, seeing around him many forms of misery, falls into reflections about the providence of God, asks himself why these are permitted, and finds many reasons that partially satisfy him all the Divine ways are consistent. Meanwhile, he is perhaps indifferent to his own blessings, or does not make them the subjects of contemplation; the veil is removed from the providence of evil, so to speak, and hangs over the providence of good. But change the scene, and suppose the man suddenly stricken himself; then how brightly all his past enjoyments rise before him and force themselves on his thoughts, whilst God's hand to him seems now heavy and his coun-

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tenance severe. The veil is now removed from the providence of good, to obscure for a time the providence of evil. Is it not so? And are not the partial agitations of the generally smooth and tranquil current of our being useful, by awakening our gratitude for what we have thoughtlessly enjoyed, and making us, when the storm is over, more keenly alive to the value of repose and peace—repose and peace, I say, in consistency with the figure of a stream; but in strict truth it is not repose, but activity, that is the source of enjoyment on earth, and probably in all worlds; and active usefulness—oh, what delight springs from that! You experience this; I, alas, only know it! Still, activity is even now the law of my nature, and though I am rendering no services to mankind, I hope I am becoming fitter to do so if ever I should enjoy health again. I cannot study so much as I would. This last week I thought I would just dip into mathematics again; so I went through Euclid's third book, and although, as you know, it is by no means difficult, the effort quite wearied me.

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"The Church controversy is still going on, but I am afraid public argumentation makes few converts. Churchmen attend the lectures for the Church, Dissenters those in favour of the Voluntary Principle. Is not this absurd? Yet I must say the Dissenters are more ready to listen to the reasonings of their opponents than *they* are to give ear to the despised Voluntaries. It would be a curious investigation what proportion of opinion is really based upon honest, fair inquiry, not honest in intention only, but in fact. I think ·01 per cent. a liberal allowance."

To the same correspondent he communicates some opinions on the scholastic office—opinions that a lapse of thirty years has not deprived of practical value:—

"ISLINGTON, *18th October*, 1840.

"I have made the inquiries you requested at University College, and find that schoolmasters cannot be examined for degrees without attending lectures there. This is to be regretted,

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because the object of admitting them to examination on terms differing from ordinary students is to give them the advantage, and the public the security, of a testimonial of competency; this end would be answered if those who cannot attend lectures might matriculate without.

"After all, however, an M.A. degree, though it may warrant the possessor to have attained a certain amount of knowledge, by no means proves his ability to communicate it, or to undertake the moral management of youth. Do you not think we want colleges expressly for schoolmasters? Really good teachers are, perhaps, more interested than any class of the community in raising the character of the profession. For whilst instructors of the middle classes consist chiefly of persons destitute of any qualification whatever for their employment, education must be meagre, its importance not appreciated, instructors not recognised as filling stations of the highest responsibility, and consequently no adequate remuneration offered for their services. None but a groveller makes

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wealth his first object; but none but a fool makes it the last. A student has flesh, blood, and bones, appetites and passions, like other men. He has a physical existence as well as a mental one, and money he must have for his common wants, his superior desires, and that he be fitted better than other men to exert influence —may not be without the means of exerting it. I really feel indignant when I think of the contemptible pittance usually awarded to teachers; but sorrow overcomes indignation when we look at the consequences of this, that men, utterly unfit to train asses or manage cattle, take upon themselves to watch the germ of an immortal spirit, and tend its first growth, with the chance, through their ignorance, of ruining it for ever. Now I think colleges for schoolmasters might operate usefully in directing public attention to the importance of their function in furnishing men more really competent for this high office, and in securing unity among the well-educated persons who would then undertake the work of instruction, that by combined effort they might obtain their

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rights. I have little personal interest in this matter now, but sufficient personal experience to make me keenly alive to the great abuses connected with teachers and teaching. General philanthropy makes us cry out for the rights of men. A philanthropy more limited, a selfish one if you please, should make one part of the community cry out—and pretty loudly too—for the rights of schoolmasters."

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CHAPTER III.

COMMENCEMENT OF MINISTRY.

1841—1846.

IN 1841 Mr. Lynch became a member of the church in Islington, of which the Rev. John Yockney was pastor. His sense of the connection then formed was thus set forth :—

"ISLINGTON, *1st June*, 1841.

". . . Christian experience is sufficiently varied to present many varieties of Christian excellence, whilst it is sufficiently similar to enable Christians really to sympathise with each other. Many gratefully attribute their conversion to the divine blessing on some incident or sermon. For myself I cannot do this. I was early taught religious truth, and

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early felt the influence of religious sentiment and thought. Though I can look back upon many circumstances that had, religiously, a very beneficial effect upon my character, I cannot fix on any time when my thoughts and feelings respecting religion underwent a complete change: nor do I wish to. With gratitude, I think I discern in my past history something like progress. This is the only indication any one can have of spiritual life; and if we spiritually live, it is certain we have been spiritually born. Happily, our heavenly inheritance does not depend, as an earthly one sometimes does, upon *our* being able to prove the time and place of our nativity. It is better to doubt whether we have been born than, recollecting the time of our birth, be content to live on in a state of perpetual infancy. I wish to regard my connection with this church, not as an end, but as a means. It is not the beginning of a Christian course, neither should it be the end. Jesus Christ calls his followers to effort, labour—varied and prolonged. Their journey is a mountain pathway, difficult but inspiriting.

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Enterprise and activity the Saviour desires to see in all who serve Him. The remembrance of his love, and the Christian affection of those who unite with us to commemorate it, should be powerful means of stimulating us to the efforts He requires."

He proved a most efficient Sunday-school teacher and district visitor, frequently preaching to the poor in a room at Ward's Place. To a friend he wrote—

"ISLINGTON, *21st June*, 1841.

"I have been engaged on Sabbath evenings for the last three months in preaching (if the word is not too dignified) to little companies of poor people, and from all I have observed of them, and of their children, I feel more than ever sensible of the value of Christian education. This work of instruction I have not undertaken lightly; I am aware of its great difficulty. Christian teaching is woefully defective in many of our pupils, and especially do the poor suffer from the way religious truth is

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presented to them. Any man that wishes to act on the mind of another, must believe something, and believe it in his very soul. Sincerity and earnestness, in fact a certain degree of enthusiasm, are essential to give effect to spoken thought. A man must brood over his own thoughts till his mind takes fire, and then he may hope to fire other minds. The poor require truth to be presented to them very pungently, intelligibly, and interestingly. At this I aim, and sincerely trust I may do some good, if it be but little. I never speak without much thought, and, I need hardly say, without prayer, for I am persuaded that the help of the Holy Ghost is something *real.* My extreme weakness and varying energy of mind is a serious disadvantage to me. I should hardly say energy of mind, for by my peculiar temperament, the desire to act never fails me, although the active powers often do.

"It is my earnest wish to be in some way useful in this world. I cannot yet see my way clear to any regular occupation. It is a happy thing that we *can* adorn the doctrine of God our

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Saviour in all things. So that, if unable to employ ourselves in a manner most congenial, whatever we do, we may do all to His glory. I have sometimes had thoughts of the ministry —that is, however, a very serious matter."

In a letter to the same friend he sets forth his fears and hopes concerning this "very serious matter."

"ISLINGTON, *27th October*, 1841.

"I wish I could look forward, as you hint may be possible, to the ministry. It is difficult for one situated as I am, fairly to judge of himself as to his fitness for such a work. I think he is likely both to underrate and to overrate his powers at different times. Yet I seem to fancy that even now the pastorship of some country congregation would be my appropriate sphere of action. But, of course, we must be bound by general rules, unless in very particular individual cases; and as a general rule, it is a wise one that young men should pass through a college course before becoming ministers. Suffering

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and study have, however, helped to discipline me, though a year or two at college would certainly be most congenial. This is impossible, for I cannot take ordinary food; and the ministry without this is, I suppose, impossible, because the thing would be out of rule.

"You will be glad to know how I get on in teaching the poor. I have had many happy hours in this employment—many anxious ones. I do trust I have done some good, and I certainly have learnt much. I expected peculiar difficulties in dealing with the poor, and I find them. Much personal intercourse with them is necessary. I have done what I could in this way, but my weakness has sadly interfered with this. I have met with a variety of characters, with cases of extreme and degrading wickedness. I have had both hopes and discouragements—this I think well: too great success might have engendered spiritual pride. It is true that failure may lead one to attribute that to human wickedness which is the result of one's own inadequacy; but if Melancthon found that old Adam was too hard for young Melancthon, I

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may fairly expect to feel sometimes in the same way. It seems to me that every young man looking to the ministry would do well to labour in some way among the poor. It is like walking the hospital to a surgeon, and must furnish the meditative mind with materials for much profitable thought."

The social and political outlook in 1841 was far from encouraging, and he inquired of his friend—

"What think you of our country—its miseries and prospects—the blind strivings of anguish and selfishness? Taking the most dispassionate view, its state seems alarming—wretchedness on a large scale is always an indication of wickedness somewhere. Is there not something sublime in the manner in which God suffers man's conduct to work itself out—to discover its principles and fully develop their effects? He has given to man the great and wonderful gift of liberty, and its action shall be unfettered; yet whichever of all possible modes of action

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men select, God's arrangements are so far-reaching and comprehensive, that His designs shall be ultimately and gloriously secured. It is a grand thought. What if there be celestial students now training under the Great Being for wonderful and, to us, unknown agencies; and this world is to them the great theatre of moral experiment—earth the place, we the subjects of their studies! The whole of world-history is a dark enigma to the atheist, a fearful one to the Deist, a half-explained but glorious wonder to the Christian."

To a lady, his cousin, he wrote in the subsequent year, with reference to some disturbances in Lancashire.

"ISLINGTON, *18th August*, 1842.

"If these commotions were like one of those spring storms that sweep across the heavens—a passing darkness followed by a brighter sky and a greener earth—then all would be well; but when we think of the complaints and cries of hungry men that have been like volcanic

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rumblings, we may fear that they are rather like a fiery stream, swift and transient in its course, but leaving, for many a day, the traces of its passage. Why have these tumults arisen? and whither do they tend? are now the questions anxiously asked; starvation, whilst it has been passive, has either been regarded with elegant pity or simple indifference; but now that it has become savagely active, it compels regard, and asks something more than sentimentalism. It is curious to observe how the Priest and the Levite—having, the one from sentimentalism, the other from indifference, neglected the hungry as he has besought their aid—now that he uses violence, accuse the Good Samaritan, who has helped him as he could, and pleaded his cause, of having incited him to ferocity. The Corn Law repealers, who have foretold convulsion, and laboured to promote measures to remedy distress and prevent tumult, are actually accused of causing the disturbances. Not that I think the abolition of the Corn Laws would set the national prosperity on a firm basis; but I have little doubt that it would increase its stability,

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and none that the advocates of their abolition have achieved many benefits, and will achieve more. It is instructive—disagreeably instructive, I could almost say—to note how selfishness, and various forms of depravity, are displayed in all popular movements. Travellers tell us of rivers whose current on one side is clear and pure, and on the other turbid and muddy, and these flow separately in the same stream. Not so is it with these; good and evil intermingle and get confounded together, and, unhappily, defilement accumulates with the onward flow. It has been thus in the times of religious agitation: no streams have been more turbulent than those of religious opinion; and if so, though we cannot excuse the crime and follies of a time of political excitement, we need not be surprised at their rise and rapid growth. A man who is sufficiently in earnest about the welfare of the country as such, to *think* on the *meaning* of the word politics, will, like the truly sincere and intelligent Christian, soon come to approve of all parties, disapprove of all, and belong to none. Not but that he will act with a party—that is, a

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particular set of men leagued for the accomplishment of some specific object at special times; but he will see that truth in its wholeness can no more be grasped by any man's head, than the round world by any man's hand. He will be humble, and therefore charitable. Just, however, as there is a danger of being consumed by party zeal, of becoming, as it were, a burnt offering to bigotry, there is danger of becoming so very candid a simpleton as to suppose that all the world of politicians are very good people, each striving honestly after such portion of good as is to him discernible. So in religion, we may have, as Baptists, a zeal that water cannot cool; as Independents, or what you please, a leniency that will hope all things where charity itself would despair. Though quite sufficiently earnest, I have more fear of the second error than of the first—*believing positively* that there is much truth among Episcopalians, Unitarians, Catholics, &c., aye, and even Baptists! * I am anxious not to allow the truth mingled with error too great an influence, as neutralizing it,

* His lady correspondent, a Baptist.

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and purifying those who hold it. With regard to politics, I believe that among men of all parties there are individuals honest, but having only partial, and therefore incorrect, views of things. Truth is to be gleaned in many fields —it is not a plant that grows only in our own garden. The thing to be striven for, is charity, that 'hopeth all things, and thinketh no evil,' combined with intelligence, that 'proveth all things,' and integrity, that 'holds fast that which is good.'"

To the same cousin he communicated the following observations on convalescence, which have a vivid interest in connection with his own experience.

"ISLINGTON, *18th June*, 1842.

"One thing I have noted after a severe but temporary attack of sickness, there is great resemblance between the feelings and whole action of the mind and those of childhood. The body indeed, by its weakness, is in a sort of infancy, and the mind travels back from its ripe maturity to its early flowerage. In coming

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back to the sight of the world after a brief dark period of seclusion, there is the same newness and awakening stimulus in it that there is to a child. I am aware that poets have noticed the pleasure with which we greet common objects at such a time; but it is not this only, but the whole state of the thoughts and feelings that I refer to; all is childlike.

"In the manner of God's goodness there is always wisdom; the softened and impressible state of the mind at such a time may be *used* for our religious advantage. It is in itself a pleasant state, but it is intended to be made by us a profitable one. Thus God kindly gives us what is pleasant, and wisely makes it a means of further advantage, putting it within our power to increase the beneficial effects of affliction by rightly availing ourselves of the means He has provided. There is something about the joy of a person recovering from sickness, or just free from suffering of any kind, altogether peculiar. If we may call joy, the light of the heart, this is a light soft and bright as if reflected from the tears that have recently fallen. And may

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we not, by the thought of our fresh feeling on recovered health, give a reality to our idea of a future renewal of our powers? We know the fact of such renewal, may we not be helped to feel it? How gloriously God can reinvigorate in another world the powers that have grown stiff, old, and feeble in this! In age the eye is dim; a figure of the whole nature—all is dim. What delight to wake up in another world with a man's mind and a child's heart (this is my favourite idea of human perfection), with a nature bright and, if I may so speak, undimmable! We shall then be *renewed*—new in the midst of a newness that cannot grow old."

From a letter to another friend, it appears that he was once more engaged in tuition.

"ISLINGTON, *29th September*, 1842.

"God's ways are not indeed as our ways, but far above them. I have often thought that as we commonly say there is no rose without a thorn, we might in relation to God's providence more truly say, there is no thorn without a rose.

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'Evil, be thou my good,' says the devil in 'Paradise Lost.' 'Evil, thou art my good,' the Christian may truly say when the evil is of God's sending.

"A word as to myself and my single pupil. My engagement terminated with the holidays; whilst it continued I found it rather agreeable than burdensome, was myself satisfied, and, I believe, gave satisfaction. I have still a pupil with whom I am sometimes severe, sometimes indulgent—a pupil about whom I have been often hopeful, but often cast down. I am training him, if it may be, that he may teach others. I cannot but say that I regard him with much interest and affection; and yet to teach and discipline him as I wish, I find most laborious and difficult. Shall I succeed? Time must show. One thing is certain—that if not, he will blame me; but if I do, whilst he esteems me, he will not consider his thanks as wholly my due, and truly they will not be. Need I tell you my pupil's name? It is even myself.

"I have been but in very indifferent health for the last month or so, and cannot, as you

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may suppose, but be somewhat troubled about my situation. I am waiting for a hope rather than hoping."

In October of this year (1842) he again went to Llanelly to visit friends, and there preached frequently, and delivered occasional lectures on Sight-Singing, on Vocal Music, and Wilhelm's method of teaching singing, adapted to English use by Mr. Hullah. He was also enlisted in the Temperance movement, and gave a lecture on Mental Cultivation in the Temperance Reading Room, Park Street, Llanelly, on the 12th of January, 1843. The bill announcing the lecture was addressed—

"To Men in their Sober Senses.—Did you ever hear of a man in his drunken senses? The drunkard has no senses: he is not out of his senses—his senses are out of him. The drunkard is neither man nor beast—he has the form of a man without his sense —the stupidity of a beast without its form. Becoming sober a man becomes sensible. He who has sense should use it—he who gets it as a new thing should

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learn the worth of it. Sober and sensible, a man may be respectable, wise, good, happy. The Teetotaller can clothe his back, and satisfy his hunger —why should he not furnish his head and feed his mind? When his mouth no longer drinks poison—there is a better cup for him—Is not the cup of knowledge sweeter than the cup of the drunkard? Taste and try. The drunkard is all mouth—money, food, clothes, all melt into drink; the Teetotaller has eyes and ears, and time to use them; he can read, and he can listen; he can be pleased, and instructed by books and speech. The LLANELLY TEMPERANCE READING SOCIETY is formed that he may be thus pleased and instructed. God has given man a mind to know, think, and contrive—shall he not use it? The world is man's home, the things in it the furniture, the people on it the family—shall he not learn of himself, his brethren, his home, and how God hath prepared and adorned it? What things have been done and discovered as time has rolled on! these are written in books —shall he not read? It is a good thing to be sober; it is better to be sober and intelligent; and best of all to be sober, intelligent, and religious. The sober man is happier than the drunkard; would he be yet happier? let him hear the voice of knowledge; would he be happier still?

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let him hear the voice of Religion—as much as the sober man is better than the drunkard, so much is the godly man better than the godless. The LLANELLY TEMPERANCE READING SOCIETY aims at making sober men happier by making them more intelligent; it seeks thus to make them better advocates of the Temperance cause, and to increase their attachment to it; the Society is anxious to afford to sober men some of the pleasures and advantages of knowledge; Religion is friendly to this design, and this design is friendly to Religion. Sober, intelligent, moral, religious—such many Teetotallers are, why should not all be?"

For six months Mr. Lynch refrained from alcoholic stimulants; but the affection of his throat rendered abstinence unadvisable, if not impracticable.

He also preached at Swansea, and, after his first sermon there, he wrote to his mother:—

"The chapel in which I preached is the largest I have yet spoken in, being about twice the size of ours in Lower Road, or nearly so. This was a trial both for nerves and strength.

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I am very thankful to say that neither failed. I spoke with ease and comfort, and I trust usefully."

After preaching at Newton Chapel, Mumbles, he wrote :—

"The congregation was the humblest and most picturesquely primitive I ever addressed. Great pleasure the service gave me. The attendants were mostly fishermen, their wives and children. The men occupied one side of the chapel, the women the other. I suppose Peter has established for fishermen a perpetual claim to regard and affection; certainly there was no lack in those I addressed of warm, strong feeling. Their countenances expressed also much intelligence. A man is a man, though he be a fisherman."

He returned to London at the end of March, 1843, and to his cousin reported :—

"ISLINGTON, *5th April*, 1843.

"I am certainly better and stronger than when I left home in October. London looks

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dark and dull to me; the ideas of power, variety, and wonderfulness that it awakens please me, but it affords no solitudes of the sort I love.

"At Llanelly there is one valley of picturesque and solemn beauty which I miss much. If it might be, I should wish to reside either in or near a town with real country around me. If God's universe of worlds be but as varied as the parts of this, what a glorious and abundant succession of delights awaits us! There is no part of the earth's surface, no fragment of its population, uninteresting; knowledge and joy are essences that may be distilled from almost anything. Often plants of thorny and repulsive aspect yield substances delicious or variously useful. So is it in life; and this is the lesson—Despise not the common or the ugly, shrink not from the rough and painful; wisdom's eyes and hands should observe and examine all things.

"I think I am somewhat the wiser in many respects for my visit to Wales. I have seen life and religion in new forms. What next? I

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know not. I wish you were a prophet; I would ask you the question, first begging you to prophesy smooth things. . . . . I have some idea of writing out several sermons I have preached, and, if I can, publishing them under some such title as this, 'A Voice from the Pulpit, by a Layman.' . . . . .

"I feel a strange mixture of fear and confidence. I certainly have gained attention and very warm approval by my preaching; I have also writings by me that I really do think have some worth; and yet I do not like to thrust myself forward to make greater pretensions than I ought."

In his absence he had been much missed in Islington. A fellow-teacher, in a letter dated February, 1843, wrote:—

"There is an inquiry concerning you made ever and anon which I am not able to answer. I wish I could. Can you guess what it is? 'When WILL Mr. Lynch return?' After prayer-meeting, after Thursday classes, after

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Sabbath-day teaching, after singing-meeting, by my own children and by the Sunday-school children—When will Mr. Lynch return? is often asked. Now if I were selfish, I should beg of you to return immediately; for among all inquirers, none miss you like myself, for none know you so well. You know how much I am compelled to hear that I cannot assent to. You know the blessed book is 'a broad land of wealth unknown;' and when some uncommon, perhaps unorthodoxical, view of truth presents itself to my mind, I have no one—no, no one—who will sympathise with me as I wish. Some assent to all I say, some listen fearfully, some seem bewildered,—and none can take your place. But if I can but see that your absence is contributing to the furtherance of your ardent desire to enter the ministry, I am well repaid for the loss of your society."

His mind was clear that his place was the pulpit; but there were various hindrances, and among the hindrances he found such consolation as this:—

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"*27th April*, 1843.

"I will repeat what I have said before, and what has been a comfort to me ever since the thought rose in my mind. Hope rests its faith on time; *time*, on God.

"It is a great thing to have faith in God's character. We can then search with cheerfulness for the reasons of His strange workings, and that which is sought for hopefully is most readily discovered."

He preached occasionally on Sunday afternoons at Kingsland, at Lower Street, Islington, and at other churches in the neighbourhood of London, particularly at Dr. Burder's in Hackney. Friends urged him to apply for admission to Highbury College, and after much deliberation he did so, the following letter being written when the course to be pursued was under debate:—

"ISLINGTON, 1843.

"Mr. —— has suggested that I should state some particulars respecting myself. It is my

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wish, if it shall appear right and practicable, to enter the Congregational ministry. This I cannot do in the usual way because of my age (25) and a peculiar physical weakness. For the last five years I have suffered from a sort of paralysis of the nerves of the throat which prevents my taking solid food. Much discomfort and many vexations have arisen from this trouble. It has condemned me to solitude and inaction, and made me to feel as if with a bird's heart and no wings.

"All this is *primâ facie* against me, and has certainly 'the appearance of evil.' A sick minister is almost as useless as a lazy one; and what if he be ignorant also! But the fact is, my general health is good, and has been for some time strengthening. My local weakness has no connection with my voice and lungs; and though I never expect to be able to eat with comfort, I may reasonably hope, when I obtain the cheery influence of congenial employment, to enjoy excellent average health.

"I am not uneducated. I know something of what is in books, and something also of what is

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in man; and though I profess not to have made great attainment, I have disciplined my mind by much study and meditation; indeed, if I may say anything on my own behalf, it is that I can think, and can so speak what I have thought, that men shall listen and understand. Neither am I wholly untried. My desire for the ministry is not sudden, nor is it selfish: many anxious doubtings have I had; it is only by actual trial that my mind has been decided. During several months of this past winter I was much engaged in preaching in South Wales. My strength did not fail me, but on the contrary greatly increased. I gained, also, from the approval I met with, more confidence in myself. The ministry is in my eyes a laborious and honourable work: at any time the clear, impressive, and affectionate utterance of truth requires qualifications various and of difficult attainment; but specially now. If I have not 'counted the cost,' I have at least tried to do so. I need friends and advice, and encouragement if I deserve it. Believe me, my dear sir, as it is my honest desire to serve God and benefit man,

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so I can bear to be dealt with honestly. I want not any man to lay hands on me suddenly, to give me help out of kindness or any the like feeling, if he does not think that on the whole I am a fit candidate for ministerial work."

On account of his health, he was received at Highbury College as a day-student; but before many months he was reluctantly compelled to retire. In a letter dated 15th of April, 1844 (which is supposed to be the copy of one he wrote on this occasion), he says—

"After much thought I have determined to relinquish my attendance at Highbury. During the last five weeks I have been almost wholly at home, in a state both of body and mind most wretched. Last week I again attended a few lectures, but I find it useless to think of seriously resuming. . . . . It is needless any longer to perplex myself with the balancing of reasons. I do not pretend to be certain that I have made a right decision; but then I am sure

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it is one right for me to make, and by it I will abide. Natural kindness may cause you to regret that I so decide, but reflection will entirely remove this regret. Your labour and anxiety may be far more profitably and beneficially expended on other students than myself.

"You are aware that from the first my attendance was by myself regarded as an experiment. This experiment the committee, exercising their good sense and Christian faith, permitted me to make, for which I thank them. It has failed. It is surely needless for me to say that I value college privileges. As for the tutors, you must permit me to say that I cherish for all the most hearty and entire respect. But why should I destroy myself? I thank my God there is a dawn of spiritual light again rising on my soul. I have walked in darkness, and will so walk of free choice no longer. The fountain of my mind has been well-nigh dried up, and my heart like a root in winter hidden and as if dead. And why? Because I have persevered in attempting to do what I have not physical power to accomplish. Man is not a

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body and soul, but if we may so say a body-soul. . . . . .

"When I get wiser I shall know what to do: now I do not. If withdrawal from college necessitates relinquishment of the ministry, then be it so. I shall still study in an idiosyncratic way, first submitting myself for a while to such curative spiritual and intellectual regimen as I can devise. God, in whom I do assuredly believe, will help me. There are things in my heart which, if He so please, I will in some way speak.

"It is my deliberate and earnest prayer that God may burn out of me all that is bad, through such sufferings as may be needful, and give me, if it can be, some Christian work to do in the world. I would that I might aid in bringing comfort and refreshment to weary and deadened hearts, also in sending light into minds over which God's providence rests as a dark cloud. These things need to be done. Men talk much and loudly about saving 'souls,' who never looked full, long, and boldly into a soul to see what it is. There are hundreds

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and thousands who feel that it is thus; but behold there are few helpers. I do not doubt that if I live, and be really fitted to help in His work, I shall find a way. I am sure that, in leaving the College, I have your good wishes, as most certainly the Institution has mine."

It was in 1844 that he printed "Thoughts on a Day," an address which, issued in a most unpretentious form, caught the attention of the discerning, and continues to live in their favour. In his own copy of the little book, he has written, in pencil, its history, as follows:—

"This was my first 'work,' and is not a very great one. And yet it seems greater to me now than it did then; for I was *then* rather ashamed of it, though I could not help loving it. But it has given profit and pleasure in so many remarkable cases, and has been the means so often of spiritual good, as people have generally said, that I may well think

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more of it than I did, and be happy to own it. Besides it has afforded singular illustration of a favourite axiom of mine — that nothing rightly done can fail, however it may seem to do so. When first I published it, my position was lonely and even terrible. I was as 'a dead man out of mind,' forgotten, as sometimes seemed, even of God. Yet I felt a strange consciousness of power, though without health, opportunity, or hope. So something must be ventured, and I ventured this tract. I first, however, wrote something which seemed to me much abler; but just as that was going into the hands of the printer, I withdrew it, and substituted this as more tender and practical. And by this tract God saved me. But *not at once*; not indeed very manifestly for nearly three years. I lost a (to me) valuable five pounds in my venture—a very good investment I have since thought. All I gained *at once* was kind words and a few small succours, that were like water-drops to fevered lips. And at the end of a year I had the unsold copies of my 'work' home, and I well remember feeling

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ashamed to see what a large parcel they made. I doomed them to the flames, and immured them in a lumber-closet, by way of preparation. However, they were rescued, and have done not a little of the business I wished them to do, in a private way. And in reprinting the tract, I feel as if I ought to say what is the simple truth, that to this humble performance I owe indirectly public station, domestic happiness, and many friends, and other blessings."

The depression endured in these years of weakness and helplessness, if extreme, was steadfastly resisted, and to his cousin he wrote—

"BALL'S POND ROAD,

"*6th November*, 1844.

"I hope you are well and happy. For myself, I have made effort to become my own physician. I know not whether my experience will be of any service; however I will send you one of my recipes.

"*Recipe.*—How to be happy when you are miserable:—

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"Disbelieve thoroughly the assertion that 'straws show which way the wind blows.' Every man's life has a direction on the whole which he cannot gather from the events of this day, or this month, or even this year. Painful events and vexatious hindrance are but eddy-winds, driving our thoughts and hopes hither and thither—threatening to carry us we know not where; and yet the spirit of every Christian man is borne onward by God's providence towards a haven of peace, as by a steady wind of Heaven.

"To be taken by the fireside, or in the fields, or where you please."

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CHAPTER IV.

HIGHGATE.

1847—1849.

THE year 1847 opened with the death of Mrs. Lynch—of mothers most motherly, tender and true, and wise with the wisdom of simplicity. Long afterwards he wrote:—

"Mother, so simple yet so sage,
A troubled youth thy patronage
Enjoyed, and thine alone;
And dost thou visit still thy son,
And love the work that he has done,
And count it as thine own?" *

Her epitaph in Abney Park runs thus:—

* "The Rivulet," L'Envoi, June, 1868.

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To the Memory

OF

MRS. LYDIA LYNCH,

A MOTHER MOST LOVING AND BELOVED,

WHO ENTERED REST

January 8th, 1847,

In the sixty-third year of her age, and twenty-sixth of widowhood.

"Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise."

"And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life."

To a brother in America he wrote:—

"*2nd February*, 1847.

"On the morning of January the 8th your letters came—two for me and one for ——. That day was indeed a day of sorrows, yet one the thought of which will hereafter make *our* life and *your* life a more sacred one. We have now both a father and a mother in heaven. Our most beloved mother has passed from her anxieties and pains; she is at rest. She fell asleep very weary, and has awaked, as we may confidently believe, to strength and joy. She

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lived in love, as we have all so fully experienced, and to the world of love she has gone. At half-past twelve mid-day, 8th January, her spirit passed out of this visible world with gentle sighs. To-day would have been her sixty-third birthday, and this afternoon I have been and stood by her new-made grave in Abney Park, Stoke Newington.

"I know how this event will grieve you, but it can hardly be more of a surprise to you than it was to us. Only a few days before Christmas the surgeon told me that he considered her general health much better than it was the year before at that time. . . . . .

"She and I used to have tea together every evening in her bedroom; and the blue-headed parrot you sent by M—— used to sit upon her lap, or on the chair by her side, and take toast and tea with us. On Christmas-day (Friday) we (she and myself) had the Christmas dinner in her bedroom; she was then herself, and that day fortnight she departed from us. . . . . .

"In the evening of Thursday, Mr. ——, of ——, saw her, and she was comforted with his

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visit; but she was then scarcely conscious, and her voice had an expression of sorrowfulness and infant-like simplicity such as I never heard before. The memory of these tones is in me, and it pierces my heart. She could say but little to us, but to the last she was full of love. She knew not that the end was near, and that she would never wake from that night's sleep. We would have given anything for a few hours of clear-mindedness at the last, but it was not permitted. Yet how mercifully was it ordered that the act of dying, which in her life she so much feared, was easy. She would wake in heaven to see our father and the rest with surprise. May we (grant it, O God!) be at the last with her! She could say, of course, little to Mr. ——. She repeated the words, 'None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.' She had her genuine humility and submissiveness; her life was one of true goodness, and her gain, through the mercy of our God, is now great and everlasting. But how hard to be bereaved! We all feel it so, and myself peculiarly, for I have lived with her and hoped earnestly to have

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had her with me to make comfortable in old age. . . . . Often have I risen in the night to lay her pillows comfortably for her. It was truly good to do anything for her, she was so full of blessing and tenderness. She used sometimes to tell me, when I asked her what she thought of when alone, that she thought of her children one after another all round. Very often indeed were her thoughts and her prayers ours. . . . . .

"It is well, and by-and-by we shall feel it, that she has gone from these evils. We sorrow not as those that have no hope. How many were the troubles of our dear mother, and what anxiety might she yet have had! And now let us endeavour to live as we know she desired we should. Make yourself easy with the thought that our life, though a troubled one, is yet not a vain one; mercy is over it, as the sky above the earth, and though our sins are as clouds, there is God's love, the sun, which is stronger than they.

"Now I commend you, with true good wishes, to that care which is truly over us all, if we could but attain faith to believe it. . . . . .

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"It troubles me that I am compelled to *write* to you the intelligence this letter conveys. For myself, it is a most heavy affliction; and as I know that you truly loved our mother, and are now alone, I am sure you too will feel it heavily. But we must remember the great and bright truths, for after due time in the thought of these there is comfort."

In 1847 he was introduced by the Rev. A. J. Morris, of Holloway, to the Independent church at Highgate, which from various causes was in a dwindling condition. He preached his first sermon on 16th May, and in August accepted the invitation of the congregation to become their pastor. In a letter to a friend, written shortly after, he says—

"WOODLAND COTTAGE, HIGHGATE.

"There are here nightingales and cuckoos, as many as one could wish; but Christians and Dissenters are by no means so plentiful. There are discouragements and vexations quite enough at Highgate, but all is not of that kind.

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Among my hearers and supporters are persons who, for character, light, and liberality, are the flowerage of the place. I speak thus because I had need make much of my little, seeing it is so very little. This little, however, God gave me, and not man; and He will give me more elsewhere, or here in due time—so I trust."

Highgate thirty years ago was a much more out-of-the-way place than it is to-day; but occasional visitors from town dropped into the little chapel, and one of them was moved to address the preacher as follows:—

"*3rd December*, 1847.

"During a brief residence in London a few months back, it was my wish to pass the Sabbath more quietly than I could have done had I tarried with the friends I was visiting. What should induce me to turn Highgate-ward I cannot say. . . . . As I reached your little town soon after nine, I visited the Cemetery, lingered about the house where Coleridge had lived, and passed into the church and read the tablet erected to his

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memory. . . . . On withdrawing I inquired of the first wayfarer whether there were any Dissenting chapels in the place . . . . and thus I was led to where you preside. I confess I liked the somewhat sombre character of the edifice, and was delighted with the sweet and solemn psalmody, but was more than astonished at the power and beauty of the illustrations given of the text by the preacher.

"On my return to town, I expressed my wonder at what I had heard in the morning, and hinted to some young gentlemen around me a wish, that as often as they could, without impropriety, quit the places where they usually attended, they would go up to Highgate, as I was sure they would find the teacher there originate and follow out trains of thought that would ennoble them for the rest of the week, and make life a more grand and sacred possession to them than it is commonly regarded.

"Since my return to the country, I have received various letters from the parties, thanking me for my suggestion, and assuring me they reaped the full benefit I prophesied

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from the ministrations carried on there. It is but a very hurried note I have received from one of them to-day; but somehow I feel impelled to send you an extract, if only to show you that you are not, as perhaps you suppose, wasting your magnificence on a desert.

"'There were about six men and twelve grown women there on Sunday night. The text was, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." I was not looking up when he went into the pulpit, but my companion said Mr. Lynch gave a glance round the place which cut him to the heart. I scarcely think any special feeling of slight could be on his mind, as that is about the average attendance, so far as I, who do not look about, can judge .... He certainly, by the simplicity and force and self-forgetful earnestness of his sayings, all but brought tears out of my eyes, and that is more than the spoken deliverances of any man have done for years. ..... L—— acknowledged he had never heard *such* a sermon.'

"Now, my dear sir, excuse my sending you this extract. My intention in doing so will be

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at once seen. I purposely withhold all the greater terms of admiration in which the writer expresses himself. I simply wish you to be assured that you have minds among your auditors touched to fine issues by your addresses, and that you are remembered and pleaded for by some you little think of. Cheer up, dear sir. The day of your proper estimation by the denomination to which you belong cannot be long delayed.

"Most respectfully and sympathisingly yours,

"VIATOR."

"Viator" subsequently revealed himself as Dr. Simpson, a scholarly and congenial spirit.* The impression described as made upon his hearers was the common impression wherever there was a certain degree of spiritual discernment. None thus competent could listen to him without recognising an authentic voice from the depths of spiritual experience, and no mere echo of pious hearsay. It is related

* See Memoir of Rev. A. C. Simpson, LL.D., in "British Quarterly Review," 1867.

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that "when he came as a day-student to Highbury College there happened to be a meeting of all the colleges to the number of one hundred and fifty men, and, as often happens among students, it was a merry time, and they fastened upon any of their number for a speech who had anything peculiar in aspect or character. Lynch was a new-comer and a mystery; and when, in answer to a call, he stood up to speak, the whole company was convulsed with laughter at his then quaint and fragile appearance. But in two minutes he had them all silent and mesmerised by that wonderful tongue, and never afterwards was reckoned any other than among the mightiest."*

After a year at Highgate, on the second Sunday of August, 1848, he preached a sermon, from which we take the following notes as to the situation:—

"The feathers of the sitting bird become worn

* Rev. Edward White in "Christian World Magazine," July, 1871.

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and her breast sore, but when life appears she is rewarded with the joy of parentage. But what if her eggs were but chalk egg-shaped, or have lost vitality and become incapable of yielding her fowl after her kind? Poor bird! feathers worn, breast sore, but no young. And poor minister! if he spends and grieves himself and no hopeful results. He would see around him winged hearts—winged with faith; these wings covered with the warm sustaining feathers of hope.

"If he gain the looked-for reward of his labour, he yet spends and grieves himself; but this is appointed for minister and man. Some sort of travail there must be for us all, if we are to have joy of parentage; and this joy we shall have if we succeed, for our good successes are our children. But to give labour of love to a people, when some of them prove worldlings, mere chalk having the form of egg, but not its power, and some—'professors'—having still more the form of egg, but not at all more its power, nay, inwardly corrupt and offensive, having lost wholly the germ of higher winged

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life that they once had! Sad is it when his labours prove thus vain, or when he stands in doubt whether they will not so prove. Sad is it when even with success he has such doubting mingled. Now something of success have I had among you, but something of this doubting have I also experienced. . . . .

"When I determined to accept the invitation hither, it was after the perplexed working and striving of many thoughts. As regarded both the place and myself, there were reasons for coming, and reasons against it, very strong. There was the knowledge as regards myself that having had to bear the yoke in my youth, and live more thoughtfully and retiredly than young men usually do, and indeed than it is usually well that they should, I had given much thought for many years to spiritual truths; and there was the fear that little of what was in my heart could be effectively spoken in Highgate, and that of this much might to some persons be offensive. On the other hand, there was the longing to do something for the truth, the consciousness that, because of physical weak-

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ness, no great thing could be attempted, and the hope that Highgate air and regular attention to manageable work might greatly improve health. And as regards the place, there was, I think I may say, the approving love of the best people here, the most liberal, pious, and sensible, and their cordial wish that I should come among them; but, on the other hand, there was the fewness of these, and the unlikelihood of greatly increasing their number in such a village as Highgate; and again, in some of the small company gathering here, there were prejudices against me, and differences among themselves, from which mischiefs and evils were to be feared. Small malices, like the moth-vermin that waste and spoil our clothes, are weak-seeming things, and things that we despise, yet they work much mischief. From these malices the pure heart, the heart unsuspicious and kind, will preserve us, as a clean linen wrappage will preserve garments from the moth.

"The case then being as described, I considered and I prayed. Then putting aside

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fear of embarrassments, and the proud human dislike to 'the day of small things,' I came here in the spirit of endeavour and hope, with thankfulness that I had a place to come to in such a spirit. And here I have continued. While the cloud rested over Israel's 'tent of witness,' whether it was for a day, a month, or for a year, Israel rested. When the cloud arose and went forward, Israel arose and went forward too, perhaps with a sigh, yet not without a good courage. During the year that I have remained here, both to myself and my friends it has seemed that there was the abiding of the cloud, continuing indication that to remain was right and well. Does the cloud rise? We watch to see. It is good, both for a man and a people, to hope and quietly wait. And the best evidence we can give that we do thus quietly wait, is, that we work while we wait, if work there be to do."

The cloud did rise. It became manifest that at that time Highgate did not present requisite conditions of success. After eighteen

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months' ministry he withdrew, greatly to the regret of a few warmly attached friends; but they were so few that he did not think it right to "burden" them with his support. In a memorandum, he states—

"I resigned my pastoral office, April, 1849. On my retirement, the chapel was given, in good repair and free of debt, into the hands of the Village Itinerancy Society."

The bracing air of Highgate, and the opportunity for work which he had so ardently desired, had a most happy effect upon his health. He became able to take solid food, and, for the following ten years, enjoyed a large measure of vigour, and in labours was "abundant." "It is a mistake to say that Mr. Lynch was constitutionally feeble," testifies a correspondent of the *Nonconformist*, of 24th May, 1871. "Twenty years ago, when we lived nearly opposite his house,* and when the strains of his organ, or his irresistible rendering of 'Oh, rest in the

* Albert Street, now Lyme Street, Camden Road.

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Lord,' or 'Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains,' compelled us to seek admittance, we found him with a physical frame which, though slight, had plenty of wire and sinew in it. At that time his body was fit servant to his mind, and in mere physical endurance he would have taken the lead of more robust men. Calling one morning upon Caleb Morris, we found him breakfasting, and his first words were, 'I have had Lynch here; walked all the way from Highgate, sir; and he began to say so many fine things all at once, that I was obliged to tell him I had not had my breakfast.'"

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CHAPTER V.

MORTIMER STREET.

1849—1852.

AS soon as Mr. Lynch's intention to leave Highgate was known, he received almost simultaneously two invitations. The first came from Stamford at the suggestion of Dr. Simpson ["Viator"], and the second from Mortimer Street, London. At Stamford there was a commodious church and a numerous and kind people. At Mortimer Street the congregation was very small, and met for worship in a hired room. After some deliberation he decided to accept the call from Mortimer Street. He thought that perhaps in London he could more usefully employ his gifts; and some family considerations also influenced him. Of the Stam-

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ford people he always thought with affectionate interest; and a deacon of the church, in writing to Dr. Simpson, observed, "We were very sorry indeed to lose Mr. Lynch, whom we found more and better than all you told us of him."

In September, 1849, he married a daughter of the late Rev. Edward Porter, of Highgate.

At this time he was frequently engaged in lecturing in various parts of the country, but never to the neglect of what he always considered his special work—the ministry. He was a most attractive lecturer; he was listened to with unabated interest to his last word; and many who heard him discourse on "The Beautiful," "Coleridge," "Haydon," "George Stephenson," and other subjects, remember with delight the fresh and vivid treatment of his themes.

In 1850 he made his first considerable appearance in literature by the publication of "Memorials of Theophilus Trinal." The book was recognised in many quarters as the work of an original mind; and Lord Lytton, to whom a gentleman had sent a copy, replied—

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"ATHENÆUM, *5th January*, 1851.

"SIR,—I beg to thank you sincerely for your courtesy and compliment in sending me 'The Memorials of Theophilus Trinal.' I should have replied before, but first wished to read the work. I have just found leisure to do so; and I now truly assure you that I think it very remarkable in point of thought, power, and eloquence, and am exceedingly glad to have made acquaintance with its writer. None can read without profit and pleasure.

"Yours most obliged, "E. B. LYTTON."

Among other effects the book drew forth a letter of inquiry, thus answered—

TO SAMUEL BROWN, ESQ., M.D., EDINBURGH.

"34, ALBERT STREET, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON,
"*20th February*, 1851.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am the man. Whether I may be glad of the fact, or must bemoan it—at least, a fact it is. Your correspondent of 1846 is the author of 'Theophilus Trinal.' And glad again he is to hear of you as, after fever,

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bereavement, buffets, still alive, and still, like himself—striving onwards.

"The head may be above the waters, though the wave is sometimes over the head. It is a pleasure to me that Theophilus has obtained your partial favour. He has many warm friends of a good class, and he needs them, poor fellow! for there is that in sundry aspects in which you may view him that exposes him to critical attack. Those who love to use the light of the prophet's face, the better to mark any twist in his features, and count the wrinkles upon his skin, have fine opportunity, and can use it if the critical furor —not a very celestial one—is strong upon them. But Trinal is at least a birth, not a waxen or wooden puppet. His quality may tell to the discerning that the time of gestation was a difficult, somewhat hunger-bitten one. This does but the more endear him to the parental heart. And the parental praise of him is, that he has a certain moral equilibrium in his nature, and an inner spirit of devout self-recovering cheerfulness.

"You ask me of four eventful years. January, 1847, I lost my mother. A very great sorrow

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was that to me; and afterwards my darkness thickened, till, when I came out of the valley of shadow, I had so long felt the gloom and breathed the air, that I was for a while among the living as one not of them—a physical scare-crow, and, as some thought, a spiritual curiosity. I was more than this last, however, others thought, happily for me! for I owe recovered health and a new hope for this world to some who said, the cavern is uncouth and shattered, but the well is of the water of life; we have drunk and are refreshed—our eyes are lightened. September, 1849, I married. So now I have a wife, dear and wise and true, and I work at the work of the preacher. At 71, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, I teach and preach the Gospel according to my knowledge and reception of it. I am not of those who use their intellectuality as a chemic power to dissolve the substantial historic Christ, as into an infinite vapour of attenuated spiritualism in which they may breathe and have their philosophic being. Nor of those who in a manner hew down the tree of life with their polemical, theologic axe,

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using the fruitful boughs they kill as a sort of firewood of comfort, and fashioning of the trunk a misshapen image, an ugly King Log, alas! of which they say, 'See here is Christ; this is the Lord of life. Bow, be saved.' I try to be historical and spiritual too; philosophic and theologic also; above all, to be human and Christian, or, say, Christian-human. And with what success? 'It is good for a man to hope and quietly wait,' I answer. With just success enough to be a ground of hope for more.

"The room is a concert-room during the week. My people are mostly plain and poor, sprinkled usually at their times of assembling with students, &c., and friendly or curious strangers. As of Bunyan's book, so of my preaching,—

> "'Some said, John, print it, others said not so;
> Some said, it might do good, others said no.'

"But enough, or too much. The excuse is you were abundant in questioning. Revenge yourself some day, and refresh me by a letter both personal and general.

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"I was for *one* day in Edinburgh last September; *veni, vidi, amavi.* Should you see Mr. Russell, please offer him my kind regards, and say I would have called when in Edinburgh, had I known his address.

"Yours, dear Sir, very sincerely,

"THOS. T. LYNCH."

His work in Mortimer Street he describes as "one of missionary difficulties without missionary assistances. It does not yield me adequate maintenance, according to the most moderate estimate of 'adequacy;' for my church, though truly liberal, is small, and is not rich." As to its origin, he writes, "I am sometimes asked personally, Did you not secede from Dr. Leifchild's church at Craven Chapel? I did not; but the original members of the church at Mortimer Street did, and I became their minister, when they had already held together without one for about four years. . . . . When I went among them, I examined the grounds of their secession, of which I knew little or nothing before; and I thought that

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the right was on their side and the wrong on the other, and that, with due allowance for human infirmity, they had done not only well, but bravely well. . . . . It has, from the first, been a pleasure to me to find the people speaking with cordial respect of their former pastor, Dr. Leifchild, not forgetting what they thought hard and wrong towards themselves, but dwelling much, with due and grateful emphasis, on the many excellent qualifications of that well-known minister. I have ever given him credit for much good I have found among his former people; and I wish for him, now in his old age, and most heartily, Christian peace and blessings. Our church, then, cannot, with any truth, be called a mere church of secessionists. I am, and have been—and now joining my people with me, as it is so pleasant and fit to, I will say we are, and have been—trying to make it at once an Independent and a Christian Catholic church."

The congregation held a meeting on Thursday evening, 27th November, 1851, when a present of seventy sovereigns was made to Mr. Lynch;

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and he delivered an Address, which was afterwards printed. In an appendix thereto he observed—

"The meeting for which the Address was written was one of those at which ourselves and our friends assemble to take tea. The love of tea and the love of gossip are well-known associates; but, as we think, the love of tea and the love of truth may be so too, and that the loftier of these affections will not disdain an alliance with the humbler and its aid. I will not call our meetings 'jovial,' that being too pagan a word, but they are certainly very cordial and pleasant. . . . . Perhaps some one will say, 'As Israel wanted a king, to be like the rest of the nations, I suppose the church at Mortimer Street must needs get up a 'testimonial,' to be like the rest of the churches; or, 'What has Mr. Lynch been doing wrong, that they have been giving him a 'testimonial'? For a friend of mine has formed this theory of 'testimonials,'—that when a minister has a quarrel in his church, or has been doing any-

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thing disgraceful, some interested person proposes a testimonial, as the best way to 'wrap it up.' The same friend did me the favour to call on me two days after this my first experience of 'golden' testimonials—for I have had my due or undue share of testimonials of suspect and dislike—to inquire how I did 'after being on the gridiron,'—the successive approbatory or complimentary speeches of the evening being the bars of the said 'gridiron.'"

The Address was devoted to the discussion of the position and prospects of the congregation, and thus he defined his mission—

"One great aim of your preacher is to refresh, assist, and satisfy considerate, inquiring persons. But he has no new gospel to offer, finding the old one better than any new one, and sufficient, which no new one is. That the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and that wisdom is the condition of all honourable happiness, is part of the most ancient orthodoxy—true thinking, right belief—of the world. The newer and

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more perfect orthodoxy, that Christ—Son of God and Son of man—is the special divine promise and power for the world, contains, not contravenes, this early one. To Christian truth the private peace and purity of a million hearts have borne witness, and its divine worth has been with 'public splendour shown.' But every age has its own work and tongue; and everlasting truth must be illustrated and applied in manner native to our own heart and time. This your preacher endeavours to do, seeking himself to advance and to lead others from the poor imperfect present to the better future—counting to-day's light, twilight; and to-day's strength, weakness. And it is his desire and effort to turn worldly persons to that godliness, which is the highest and the only abiding form of manhood; to bring individuals, whose tendencies rather than their characters are Christian, to a distinct Christian course and convictions; and to awake gently, or roughly if it must be, formalists asleep on the pillow of usage, of which smooth words are the soft feathers, that they may enter on

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the studies, the obedience, and the energetic happiness of faith. In this place I have to preach the gospel—that gospel which, like its Author, is 'alive for evermore;' and to take heed to my ministry that I fulfil it."

As consolation in their "*tent*, out-campaigning as in soldier's tent," he remarked—

"If we have not yet a place and structure of our own, we have with other churches, and we enjoy our part in that good country, the Scriptures Holy and True—a country whose hills are strength, and whose lands fertility; with honey out of its ancient rocks are we satisfied, and filled with the finest of its ever-abounding wheat, while the 'former rain' of ancient inspiration, and the 'latter rain' of present divine influence, are ours to make our hearts as fields and gardens which the Lord hath blessed."

His lively interest in church song appears in the following passage—

"On Sundays let all consider silence at

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song-time their error and fault. All dumb unmelodious people are here marked and disapproved. It is almost a question whether they ought to have a seat, and be allowed to hear our sermons, if they will not sing. Let us get distinguished for the Christian fervour and human excellency of our public hymns, making the fulness of our melody a part proof of our earnest heart and 'cheerful courage.' Rather as a hint of what I would do by-and-by, than as the expression of a present purpose, I would say that Dr. Watts's Hymn-book does not satisfy and suffice me, and that I should like to have a book—one of only two hundred hymns would serve well—selected from various authors, and prepared by myself. Many of Dr. Watts's hymns were not, it is understood, written by Dr. Watts at all, but by young Mr. Watts; not by that venerable man with venerable wig, who figures opposite so many a title-page, but by a young, immature Christian, who afterwards became this venerable and truly admirable person. There are more and better hymns in Watts' than any other man

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has contributed for the worship of our churches; but there are a great number, both of his hymns and verses, very objectionable and quite useless. And yet what a valuable and monumental work Dr. Watts's Hymn-book is!"

There are other passages that invite citation, but the foregoing must suffice. Shortly after, in 1852, the room in Mortimer Street was exchanged for a chapel in Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square.

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CHAPTER VI.

FITZROY CHAPEL.

1852—1855.

THE chapel in Grafton Street was an agreeable change from the room in Mortimer Street, though far from satisfactory to the æsthetic mind. Placed behind the line of houses in the street, it was approached by a passage, and, built before the gothic revival, was characterised by the gaunt symmetry then considered appropriate. From adjacent stables odours were occasionally wafted, and a busy ostler or a crowing cock sometimes broke the stillness of a Sunday morning.

In October, 1852, Mr. Lynch delivered at the Royal Institution, Manchester, a course of four lectures on some of the Forms of Litera-

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ture: the first, on Poetry, its Sources and Influence; the second, on Biography, Autobiography, and History; the third, on Fictions and Imaginative Prose; and the fourth, on Criticism and Writings of the Day. The lectures were published as a book in the summer of 1853; and were shortly followed by a companion volume of Lectures in Aid of Self-Improvement. The latter were delivered in Fitzroy Chapel on Thursday evenings in March and April 1853, and were reported and printed by the kindness of a friend. The lectures were six: the first, on Self-Improvement, and the Motives to It; the second, on Religion as a Study; the third, on Books, and on Reading Them; the fourth, on Conversation and Discussion; the fifth, on Manners and Social Respectability; and the sixth, on Circumstance and Character. Concerning these Lectures he remarks in a preface to the first edition—

"When I say they are not sermons, I do not mean they are better, but only that they

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are different. I feel quite aggrieved at its being supposed anything can be better than a sermon; though, alas! few things can be so bad as some sermons are. But of course much that is necessary or beautifully appropriate in sermons is not found here; and some things spoken here with colloquial plainness and instructional sobriety, would in a sermon have been also spoken in an impassioned, reiterative way. It is one thing to know the capabilities of your instrument, and another to have correspondent ones of your own. But the least organist should glory in the organ, and the least preacher in the pulpit—so glory as not to profane it by irreverent carelessness or loud ostentation. Let me say then that plainness and calmness, humour, pathos, linked argument, homeliest illustration, irony, appeal, passion, an uplifted sea-swell of utterance, and pomp as of a sunrise and a sunset glory, are all, though not all always, both possible and proper in preaching. But modern notions are singular. For some men expect the sermon to be a superfine, hot-pressed thing, all nap

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and nattiness. And others are content with a platter of chaff and a mug of water from the pump, or likelier the pond, for their Sunday feast. While people who, as they say, are all for the 'simple Gospel,' that they may keep the 'milk of the word' pure, keep themselves babies, and set up childish fractious outcry against any one, who so far offends their self-will as to try and teach them to walk, in hope that they may yet grow up and do some work in the world for their Saviour."

In view of what is to come it may be well to cite the following passage from the same preface:—

"I am an Evangelical Independent, but I am not a Denominational one. Without clamouring for an Evangelical reputation, I stand firm on my claim; and while ashamed of some who delight to call themselves Evangelicals, and sadly convinced that Evangelical talk clouds the form and saps the strength of Evangelical thought, I cannot repudiate a term

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so often used to express what I believe to be the glorious essence of Christianity. As to Denomination: to be Denominational is, in my opinion, to be cliquish instead of brotherly. I would be brother to those who stand for Spiritual Independence for the sake of Catholic Christianity. It is the Principle, not the sect, of the Independents for which I care: though there are always true Israelites in a fallen Israel, whose approval and sympathy are an honour, and whose number is greater than in despondent hours we suppose. To any Church Theory called 'Independency' I do not commit myself. Much mean tyranny, both democratic and priestly, have I seen in the Independent sect. But the Independents are a 'self-inconsistent' people. And in this lies their shame, but also their hope."

As during the latter years of his life Mr. Lynch was only able to preach once on Sunday, and once in the course of the week, some have thought that he never did more. It was far otherwise. For upwards of ten years he

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preached twice on Sunday, and once in the week. Indeed, one year he surrendered his usual month of vacation, and preached thrice a week for a year and three-quarters without intermission. Whilst such assiduity is not to be commended, it is to be recorded. To Dr. Samuel Brown he wrote—

"1st *June*, 1854.

"We have been going on since you left London with plenty of care and fag to task us; but I have no special event to tell unless it be that we are about removing—not from London to some rural paradise, but from a smoky house to, as we hope, a purer one; and, June over, I mean to descend from my pulpit—where I have been nineteen months continuously, that is on Sundays and many other days too—lie on my back and breathe awhile. 'Rest awhile' is good doctrine, and happy is he, not only who doth, but who *can* practise it."

Nor was he remiss in what is called pastoral work. He was not in the habit of making

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chance visits, but the afflicted, whether with illness or other calamity, never sought his aid in vain. In his Address at Mortimer Street, on 27th November, 1851, he remarked—

"To call frequently at every house, scattered as our people are, would be impossible—unless the pastor had a certain invaluable horse of which he once heard. He was in an omnibus with two farmers, the one of which wished to sell the other the horse in question. He recounted its several properties, and very excellent they were; and at last he came to its one superlative distinction. 'The day,' he said, 'is never too long for him!' If I possessed, either this invaluable animal, or his great qualification, I might call on A at Highgate, B in Blackfriars Road, and C near Hyde Park Gate, and many others in big circle round town, all in a day. But until some one hears of this horse in the market and buys it for the service of the Church, I am unable to do such great things. Yet I wish much to be counted everybody's friend, and am happy, according as

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time permits, to be in due turns everybody's guest."

Friendliness was indeed one of Mr. Lynch's most marked characteristics. Those who made his acquaintance found themselves remembered and cared for with an ardour that sometimes surprised them. For instance, one who had left town without remembering to call was followed with this note of remonstrance—

"Gone! Why? And without calling upon us. Not right, not kind, not wise. . . . . All I can now do is to send kind regards and best wishes, and to say that we shall be very glad to hear good of you. I am sorry you are gone."

"Not unfrequently," said one of his people, "he inquired of me concerning personal sorrows that I had forgotten myself. There never was such a comforter!" In visiting the sick he was indeed most tender, full of sympathy with infirmity; and those who joined with him in prayer never seemed to forget the benefit they received.

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His disposition was eminently social, and meetings with the ministers of his neighbourhood and others afforded him peculiar pleasure and refreshment. Says the Rev. Edward White, of Kentish Town—

"Oh, the hours that I have spent with him during these twenty years, especially in the earlier seasons! There seems to be scarcely a road in this neighbourhood unlighted by recollections of his conversation, of his racy wisdom, and of his devotion. But best of all is the remembrance of those happy earliest times, when the ministers of this quarter met some others from a distance once a month at each other's houses for prayer and conversation on some topic of sacred Scripture, and the passage under discussion received whatever light could be thrown upon it by such men as Mr. Baldwin Brown, Mr. Martin, Mr. Watson Smith, and similar kindred spirits. 'Lord, it was good to be there!' And among the blessings of those memorable evenings, doubly endeared by the recollections of some no longer

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with us, we all reckoned the presence of the author of the 'Rivulet,' who then, as ever, shone out among the brightest of the throng. It was there that we came to understand how 'mighty in the Scripture' was this self-taught, or rather heaven-taught, student of truth; and there, best of all, that we learned from the outpouring of his soul in his addresses to God, the depths from which his wisdom sprang."*

In addition to his pulpit work and frequent lecturing, Mr. Lynch for some years wrote a variety of articles in the *Christian Spectator*, a monthly magazine, which have since been collected and republished.†

But this happy state of hard work peacefully pursued was not to continue. In 1854—55, a time of much domestic affliction, he found solace in the composition of a number of hymns, which in November, 1855, were published under the title of "Hymns for Heart and Voice. The Rivulet." What ensued is now to be described.

* *Christian World Magazine*, July, 1871.

† "Letters to the Scattered, and other Papers." London, 1872.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE "RIVULET" CONTROVERSY.

A READER of "Theophilus Trinal" is said to have remarked that Mr. Lynch would wake some morning and find himself famous. It was a prophecy destined to have a sinister fulfilment. The publication of the "Rivulet" was followed by an uproar of the most extraordinary character. The beginning of the strife was an article in the *Morning Advertiser* of 7th January, wherein he learned that he had written a book in which, "from beginning to end, there was not one particle of vital religion or evangelical piety;" that "nearly the whole of the hymns might have been written by a Deist, and a very large portion might be sung by a congregation of Freethinkers;" "that it was a painful fact that he should preach twice every Sunday as an avowed minister

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of the Gospel, being the author of this spiritually dead and dreary book." Meanwhile, the *Eclectic Review* for January had noticed the "Rivulet" briefly but favourably, and for this notice the editor was called to account by the *Advertiser*, and required to give, "as a postscript in his February Number, an explicit and decided repudiation of all sympathy with the incriminated notice of the book." A postscript appeared, only not the one expected. The editor had the courage to stand by the "Rivulet" as a good and true book, and to express his disgust at the reckless injustice wherewith the author had been treated. In the March number of the *Eclectic* appeared a Protest signed by fifteen ministers, more or less intimate with Mr. Lynch, testifying their respect for him, and their indignation at the manner in which he had been assailed. The Protest added fuel to the fire. The controversy waxed in fury, and almost every newspaper had some comment or other on the uproar. Busiest and noisiest of all was Dr. Campbell, editor of the *British Banner*. He professed to have "carefully analyzed every

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line" of Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet," and, as the result of his scrutiny, charged him with "deliberately contradicting the Word of God," with "defaming the character of the Son of God," with "giving the lie to the whole teaching of the Spirit of God." He called the hymns "incomparably the most unspiritual publication of the kind in the English tongue," "stamped throughout by a harmonious negation touching the facts of the Gospel," and "might have been written by a man who had never seen a Bible, and never heard more than a few words and a few names which might all have been uttered in a moment of time." His ministry he described as "Christless," himself as "not even at the bottom of the scale as Poet or Divine," and that "devils" might be his "disciples." Furthermore, he was "utterly destitute of the ethereal spirit of true poetry," and "wanting alike in light, life, power, and pathos." His verses were "the essence of absurdity," and "worse than the quintessence of absurdity;" they were "pantheistic," and "most miserable garbage," and "irrational and unscriptural,"

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and "beneath contempt," and "nonsensical," and "preposterous;" "doing violence alike to reason, to Scripture, and to the experience of all sane and sanctified men." They were a "feeble stream" of "mingled, muddy matter," "drivelling doggrel," "crude, disjointed, unmeaning, unchristian, ill-rhymed rubbish," &c. &c. The articles from the *Advertiser* and *Banner* were reprinted as pamphlets and circulated widely, and such was the commotion that Dr. Campbell avowed that "nothing like it had occurred within the memory of the present generation, or, perhaps, since the Reformation."

Amid the din Mr. Lynch pursued his duties with such composure as he could command. Some wondered at his silence, but of what avail is argument or remonstrance in a panic? But at last, in October, he relieved his mind in the production of "Songs Controversial, by Silent Long, fifteen songs uttering a New Protest." Those of more permanent interest we reproduce, especially as to the new generation they must be unknown, the original pamphlet having run rapidly out of print.

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INK AND DRINK.

Showing that ink has superseded milk, and that theological alcohol is indispensable.

Once simple souls were fed on milk,
The Church, she was a mother,
Who opened first one fount of life,
And opened then another:
But now we all must live on ink,
The milky streams are dry;
Her bosom it was warm and soft,
Our pens are hard and sly.

All honour to the Press, but most
Unto the Press Religious;
Its blacking is so black that we
Can only cry 'Prodigious!'
By slang and slander, half and half,
A polish fine is given,
To black the seven-league boots in which
Editors stride to—Heaven!

Now simple souls are fed on ink,
So grace is mostly gall;
Now, like the drunkard for his glass,
Saints for their "bitters" call:
Without their Hatred, as strong drink,
These strong men can't exist;
Love is but pap for little babe
And sentimentalist.

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A NEGATIVE AFFAIR.

Showing that when a man palms off his negative "stuff" upon the public as "Christian," there is always somebody acute enough to detect the imposition.

When sugar in the lump I see,
I know that it is there,
Melt it, and then I soon suspect
A negative affair:
Where is the sugar, sir? I say,
Let me both touch and see;
Sweetness instead of sugar, sir,
You'll not palm off on me.

Don't tell me that the sugar-lumps,
When dropt in water clear,
That they may make the water sweet,
Themselves must disappear;
For common sense, sir, such as mine,
The lumps themselves must see;
Sweetness instead of sugar, sir,
You'll not palm off on me.

For instance, sir, in every hymn
Sound doctrine you should state
As clearly as a dead man's name
Is on his coffin-plate:
Religion, sir, is only fudge,—
Let's have theology;
Sweetness instead of sugar, sir,
You'll not palm off on me.

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EYE SALVE.

Showing that it may not be wrong to sing of things of which the Saviour spoke, but wrong rather to condemn a man for so doing.

Oh, foolish critic and unwise,
  Did you but know your Saviour,
You'd surely see with other eyes,
  And change your whole behaviour:
He talked of grass, and wind, and rain,
  And fig-trees and fair weather,
And made it His delight to bring
  Heaven and the earth together.

He spoke of lilies, vines, and corn,
  The sparrow and the raven,
And words so natural, yet so wise,
  Were on men's hearts engraven:
And yeast, and bread, and flax, and cloth,
  And eggs, and fish, and candles;
See! how the whole familiar world
  He most divinely handles.

They called him "Fellow" and "This man,"
"Deceiver" and a "Devil;"
I'm sorry that you've learnt their plan,
  And fallen to their level;
They trod His pearls beneath their feet,
  The doctors were the swine;
But though their folly you repeat,
  His wisdom shall be mine.

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THE PHARISEE CHANGED.

Showing how the Pharisee may imitate the Publican, and yet continue as much a Pharisee as before.

The Pharisee informed the Lord
How good a life he led;
The Publican shrank back in shame,
And smote his breast instead;
But when the Lord, in tender love,
The penitent commended,
The hypocrite, with heart unchanged,
Straightway his prayer amended.

Said he, The man who says he's worst
Is by the Lord thought best;
So next when he to worship went,
As Publican he drest,
And smote upon his hollow heart,
And bowed him down and groaned,
And, proud of his humility,
His unfelt sins he owned.

The Publican, an altered man,
Came, too, with lifted head,
And joyfully gave thanks to God
For the new life he led:
The Lord again his offering took,
Still spurned the Pharisee's,
For sometimes tears, and sometimes thanks,
But only *Truth* can please.

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ORTHODOXY.

Showing in what sense a man may be orthodox at once, though he cannot be at once wise, and who IS *orthodox.*

Pray are you wise, sir? Yes, for I
Much wiser wish to be;
But perfect wisdom I disclaim
With all humility.
And are you orthodox? Oh, yes,
None more so can be found;
I've some regard to character,
And hate a man unsound.

But if you're only sound asleep,
And some one else, awaking,
And, seeing that the sun is up,
Gives you a friendly shaking;
Though you may call him heretic,
He proves himself the wiser,
For evermore Truth's best success
Comes through the earliest riser.

If orthodoxy soundness be
In thought, and act, and word,
Of any man quite orthodox
Whoever yet has heard?
All such pretences Wisdom mocks
As gravely she replies,
There's only One that's orthodox,
He who alone is wise.

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COBWEB.

Showing that the New Commandment involves many new things, and may even lead to a New Theology.

There is a new commandment which
New hearts alone can keep;
Its fruits, a new earth and new heaven
Will with a new song reap;
And when this new command is kept,
With new eyes shall we see
New things of every kind, except
A New Theology?

Ecclesiastics, spider-like,
On Jesus Christ the Door
Have spun their cobwebs fine until
They've darkly closed him o'er:
They catch the souls that come to Him,
They seize them for a prey;
Oh blessed hour, oh happy man,
That sweeps their webs away.

And webs that any man may break,
May many men repel,
And why should Heaven's door look as dark
As if it led to Hell?
Perhaps this New Theology
Has come to do no more
Than sweep the cobwebs all away
From Jesus Christ the Door.

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THE WAY AND THE END.

Showing that they who follow the Lord on His journey, He will help in their path, and meet at the end.

Oh, Thou who only art the End,
Thou art the only Way;
And in our suffering Master's track,
Through many a weary day,
I've journeyed on, and oft have said,
Enough, Lord, let me die;
But quickly Thou hast answered me,
Fear not, my help is nigh.

How long, oh Lord, oh Lord the End,
Wilt Thou be but a Way?
Frail, sinful men my fathers were,
Not better I than they;
Oh take me to Thyself, I said,—
Enough, Lord, let me die;
But Thou again hast answered me,
Fear not, my help is nigh.

Shall I, who choose Thee for the End,
Refuse Thee as the Way?
Thou, too, wast watched by evil eyes,
Men sought Thee for their prey;
I'm weary of the strife, I said,
Enough, Lord, let me die;
But Thou once more hast answered me,
Fear not, my help is nigh.

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"Songs Controversial" was quickly followed by a pamphlet entitled "The Ethics of Quotation, by Silent Long, designed to exhibit Dr. Campbell's practices as Critic." The lines on the title-page will serve to give some idea of the outrages under which he was suffering—

> "Quote him to death! Quote him to death!
> Hit him, and hear not a word that he saith;
> Shout and cry out, for this is the man
> Out of whose spirit the 'Rivulet' ran.
> What is his soul but a cauldron that brims
> Over and over with poisonous hymns?
> Then quench his fire, the vessel upset;
> Who knows what mischief he'll do us yet?
> Tear up his verses, and mangle his prose;
> Quote at him still, wherever he goes.
> Cut him up! Cut him up! Send the pieces afar
> To gather our Israel for strife and war;
> Black waves our banner against the sky,
> Death! is our watchword: the man must die,
> That with him may perish Liberty!"

The story of the "Rivulet" Controversy we are happily able to give in Mr. Lynch's own words; and as it has been long out of print, and has been much sought for, there is an additional

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reason for the reprint. The review appeared in the *Christian Spectator* for November, 1856, and starts with the discussion of a proposed compromise. Tired and ashamed of malignant excitement, it was suggested that there should be a "compromise," that "bygones should be bygones," that accusers and accused should fraternise, and exhibit afresh a Christian front to the world. Peaceful and lover of peace as was Mr. Lynch, he had no mercy for such policy. As he wrote, "Too many people fancy they can 'love righteousness without hating iniquity.' I desire, therefore, to impress upon my reader this lesson: that though we may hate without loving, we cannot love without hating. . . . . And as to indignation. Let the Church pray to God for this great grace of indignation. There is not enough deep hatred of moral evil. Indeed, scarce any *deep* abhorrence of it is manifested. The heretic is condemned without 'benefit of clergy;' sin is referred to 'arbitration.' Silent Long is no heretic; he is orthodox enough, I hope, to please anybody. But he has often found that

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'heresy' is the precursor of spiritual insight; and 'orthodoxy' a cloak for transgression, and a 'whited sepulchre' full of dead men's bones and uncleanness. These last, reader, are the words of 'gentle Jesus meek and mild.' And they lead me to say that one of the worst signs of that lack of intense moral sentiment of which I complain, is the inability to distinguish between the strong words of him who rebukes injustice, and the strong words of him who attacks and defames the just. Many a popular religionist will call both of these 'railing,' and fancy that he himself is full of the 'spirit of love.' Love can hate sin—these men cannot. Love will suffer—these men will not: nor will they sustain anybody who does. Christ's foes said that He had a devil. The very evil they charged on Him He charged on them. They say He is of the devil, and He says they are: who is to decide between them? Reader, the question has been decided, I hope, to *your* satisfaction, as well as to that of the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands. Christ used strong words, and

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spoke of 'blind leaders of the blind,' of men who were 'serpents and a generation of vipers,' of professors whose 'inward part was full of wickedness.' He accused the orthodox of his time—and let the reader consider that no modern doctor can think himself 'sounder' than these men thought they were—of hypocrisy and of making God's word of 'none effect.' He exposed their love of flattery and mastery. In short, He showed us that sarcasm and rebuke may be Divine weapons. When His foes 'railed' on Him, He *could* be silent. But was He always silent? No. And shall we say that He rendered 'railing for railing'? No. If we have spiritual senses exercised to discern between good and evil, we shall know that words are wickeder for being strong when they are *false;* and the wiser when they are strong when they are righteous. The very Apostle who honours an archangel because he was no 'railer,' himself rebukes most sharply: he speaks of people who are 'brute beasts,' 'raging waves,' 'wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.' Rebuke

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is not railing; and railing is not rebuke! For my part, I have never lightly drawn my sword; nor lightly smitten when I have drawn it. Draw carefully; smite hard; sheathe soon."

A REVIEW OF THE "RIVULET" CONTROVERSY.*

BY THOMAS T. LYNCH.

"I wish I could say that I was about to 'improve' the death of this matter by a funeral sermon upon it. But the Controversy is no more dead than the 'Rivulet' is 'dried up.' It still illustrates itself in frequent effusions of

* "The Rivulet." Longman & Co.

The Eclectic Review for January, February, and March. Ward & Co.

"The Controversy," &c., by JAMES GRANT. "Nonconformist Theology" and "Negative Theology," by DR. CAMPBELL. Collingridge, Long Lane.

"Mr. Binney's Letter." Ward & Co.

"Songs Controversial" and "The Ethics of Quotation," by SILENT LONG (Mr. Lynch). W. Freeman.

Newspapers, Magazines, Pamphlets, &c. *Pro, con., and noncon.*

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spite and nonsense, miscalled 'evangelical,' with which I am favoured. And whilst I am writing, there are actually attempts being made at what is called an 'arbitration,' not, indeed, between myself and my accusers, but between Mr. Binney and Dr. Campbell. Mr. Binney, it seems to be hoped, will abate permanently some inches at least of his natural moral height, that he may henceforth walk arm in arm with the Doctor in bonds of brotherhood. Bonds of brotherhood are 'bonds' indeed, from which I for one desire to shake myself loose with Samson's vehemence, if they are bonds unbeseeming the servant of Him who *died* for us and *rose again!* Perhaps the Cross, after all, was *not* necessary. Perhaps Truth and Lies might have settled matters by 'arbitration.' Perhaps the universe is or ought to be governed by 'accommodations.' Perhaps the sad story of the 'Master' is a warning to us not to be 'righteous overmuch.' Perhaps the Lord was not conciliatory enough to the Pharisees, and might have escaped by a little 'compromise.' Perhaps there were 'errors on all sides,' and

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if Caiaphas after the Crucifixion had sent for Peter, given him a 'situation,' and married him to the 'maid that kept the door,' there might have been no Christianity!

"Severity and tenderness, it is supposed by the unwise, cannot co-exist; whereas, in the highest characters, they *always* co-exist, attempering each other. But just because each is so perfect, each will in its turn for prominence be seen so distinctly that the reality of the other may be denied. When severe, the best man is so *truly* severe, that his words seem of even a too fiery ardour; and when tender, he is so truly tender, that his compassion seems so lenient as to be almost immoral. I stand by my own words, used six years ago, 'Evil and good are mutually exclusive. The war between them is the one war that cannot be settled by treaties of arbitration.' And also by my words used in an article contributed to this magazine in December, 1854, on the 'Right of Erring.' Giving therein an outline of an 'Act' to secure this 'Right,' I say, in section 3, 'This Act is protective, and considering such groups of

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erring persons as the following:—Those who err through sheer incompetency: Those who err through influence of education and necessarily imbibed prejudice: Those who err through justifiable or excusable excitement: Those who err through defective information or limited time and opportunity: Those who err through organic peculiarity or physical discomposure: Those who err in an over-zeal through their very love of what is noble and true; and the like; it provides that their errors be allowed, even without limit as to the number, so long as —and be it observed, only so long as—such allowance be found to quicken and strengthen the Spirit of Truth in such persons.' I would with the greatest pleasure grant Dr. Campbell anything he might be able to claim under the provisions of this Act, on his fulfilling its conditions. But I will never abate one degree of the stern ardour wherewith I have opposed conduct such as his. Some one must suffer—I believe many must—that Evangelical Religion may be purged from the foul spirits of vaunt, and cant, and compromise, and malice, which

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now too often 'possess' it. Why should not I suffer as well as others? To speak with simplicity: It appears to me that a man must be either condemned in this world or the next, and I prefer the first alternative.

"And very plentifully 'judged' I have been, reader, I assure you. Judgment has been rained on me and hailed on me; fire mingling with the hail, but not heavenly fire. The 'rainy season' has now lasted nine months. I cannot say that the windows of heaven have been opened. The drenching torrents fell rather as if first upspouted from below. The dogs of theologic war, in 'full pack and full cry,' have hunted me. Neologist, Rationalist, Socinian, Deist, Pantheist, Heretic, Destroyer, and the like, have they fiercely yelped. And let them yelp on. 'There is no welcome and communion like that of the "saints."' No odium and wrath deadly as those of the men who among the religious are 'showing themselves to be *the* religious,' says Theophilus Trinal. One of the charges brought against me, reader, by '*the* Religious Press' is, that I am 'an acknow-

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ledged contributor to the *Christian Spectator*—a fact of itself sufficient to suggest that my sympathies and sentiments are anti-evangelical.' So says the *Watchman* of 28th May last. Perhaps that fact may make it seem less unsuitable, if it should have seemed at all so to any, for me to review the Controversy in these pages. By the frequent perusal of *Records*, *Banners*, *Advertisers*, *Watchmen*, &c., I have learnt the whole 'trick' of religious newspapers. I could set up one myself if I were only wicked enough, and, so I got a hot roll of 'comfort' every morning, did not care where or wherewithal I baked it. 'Lo we turn to the Gentiles,' said Paul. Yes, we must go out into the broad world, and leave the dark and cruel chambers of ecclesiastical coterieship. We must go outside the camp with Jesus Christ, bearing his reproach; must live, and speak, and suffer for the 'word of eternal life' in the open world, and as the rejected of the Church. I have said during this Controversy, and I have no doubt many hearts will respond to my language—To the world I do not commit

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myself: To the Church I belong, yea and will do: But the 'Religious World' I abhor.

"But now of the Controversy itself—How did it arise? What does it mean? What ends will it serve?

"The innocent occasion of the Controversy was the publication of my book, the 'Rivulet;' the wicked cause was an evil-spirited attack upon that book and its favourers, made by the most Samaritan of morning papers, whose editor, unfortunately, is not the Good Samaritan. I should have as soon expected a Dragon to issue from a Dove's egg as a Controversy to arise from the 'Rivulet.' Formerly, the prophets had the art of putting into bitter streams what would make them wholesome; now they have learned the 'black' and inky art of dropping 'articles' into sweet streams to make them bitter. Some innocent people seem actually to think that the Dragon did issue from the egg; that when it 'was crushed, it broke forth into a viper.' They will be glad now, no doubt, to receive authentic information on this subject. The Dragon,*

* The reader will please observe that by the Dragon I do *not* mean this man or that, but Controversial Bigotry in general.

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'cunning and fierce mixture abhorred,' wishing to prevent the sweet spirit of peace from flying forth to brood over and to hush the stormy waters of sectarian strife, hastened to the Dove's egg with the most destructive intentions; but just as his claw was lifted to strike, away flew the Dove, and down came the whole force of the Dragon on the mere shell—some say to the injury of his own claws, but that we fear is too good news to be true. Meanwhile, the Dove, you will be interested in knowing, made its escape through a 'windy storm and tempest' that 'black arts' raised to oppose it; and, as I am informed by many friendly Reviewers and others, is now very busily and very pacifically engaged.

"It was at the close of the year 1854 that I first meditated the composition of the 'Rivulet.' As it was then unborn, so it was unnamed. I purposed only this, that I would try and furnish a Contribution to Sacred Song; and at the same time I purposed that I would try and offer a Contribution to Christian Theology. Through a year of, to me, singular events and sorrows, I

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proceeded as well as I could with my two works, the 'Rivulet' and the 'Letters to the Scattered.' You will observe—these two works were planned at the same time, and carried on during the same month, and are, in fact, singularly illustrative of one another. The 'Letters' will be, by-and-by, republished separately. They have, as you know, appeared as yet only in the pages of the *Christian Spectator*. The prose work, of course, contains the more theology, the poetical one certainly not the less religion. I will quote the hymn with which I commenced my work of song. It was made on the Monday morning before Christmas Day, whilst I was meditating on yesterday's worship. It is now No. 17 in the 'Rivulet:'—

"'Christ in his word draws near;
Hush moaning voice of fear,
He bids thee cease;
With songs sincere and sweet
Let us arise and meet
Him who comes forth to greet
Our souls with peace.

"'Rising above thy care,
Meet Him as in the air,
O weary heart:

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Put on joy's sacred dress,
Lo, as He comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art.

"'For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright:
Winter is past and gone,
Now He, salvation's sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

"'From the bright sky above,
Clad in his robes of love,
'Tis He, our Lord:
Dim earth itself grows clear
As his light draweth near:
Oh, let us hush and hear
His holy word.'

"Rather more than a year after I had composed this 'Christless' hymn—that is to say, on January 7th of this present year—I met a neighbour one evening in an omnibus, as I was returning home from some pastoral work, who said, 'You have been publishing some literary work lately, have you not?' 'Yes, a little book

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of poems.' 'I thought the book must be yours; I saw a review of it in one of the morning papers.' 'Indeed! which?' 'The *Morning Advertiser*.' 'Favourable or adverse?' 'Oh, they found fault not so much on literary grounds as on some sectarian point.' 'Ah!' The next day I was in town on some business connected with the 'Rivulet;' and as Fleet Street lies in the way to Paternoster Row, I went into the office of the *Advertiser* and bought a copy of 'yesterday's paper.' On getting home, as a sort of dessert at dinner-time, we read domestically the following information about the 'good man of the house:'—That he had published a book in which, 'from beginning to end, there was not one particle of vital religion or evangelical piety;' that 'nearly the whole of his hymns might have been written by a Deist, and a very large portion might be sung by a congregation of Freethinkers;' that it was a 'painful fact he should preach twice every Sunday' as an avowed 'minister of the gospel,' being the Author of this 'spiritually dead and dreary book;' and that he had 'palmed off' his

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hymns as 'Christian,' when they were merely 'endeavours to look through nature up to Nature's God,' such endeavours being, even if the hymns were no more, at least *possibly, very* Christian. Here was an attack upon book and minister not gratifying. When our Saviour was called 'deceiver,' I dare say he sometimes felt inward pain, though he knew what contemptible people his adversaries were. To find *any one* speaking of a book which came from my very heart as 'spiritually dead and dreary,' was painful. But it never occurred to me to *notice* such an attack. I took it only as a fresh proof of the utterly inverted moral state of many professed religionists. I firmly believe that religion in many self-styled evangelicals is no better than a blind, blaspheming superstition. What wish could I have to prove that there was any sort of identity between my religion and Mr. Grant's? God forbid there ever should be while his remains as this article and his subsequent ones represent it to be. In this first review, the introductory personal references are favourable; they are as follows:—'Mr. Lynch, the author of

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this little volume of poetry, is, we are told, an amiable, as he certainly is an intellectual man. The contents of the volume bear ample testimony to the fact that he is a man of cultivated mind, and largely imbued with the poetic spirit. But here our commendation must end.' This, Dr. Campbell says, is ascribing to me 'attributes which he does not think even my judicious friends will claim for me, and literary capabilities of which I have given no proof.' I advise, therefore, Mr. Grant to *omit* these misstatements of his in the twelfth, or whatever the next edition may be, of his great Controversial Pamphlet. According to the views of a Mr. James Spicer, as given in Dr. Campbell's 'Negative Theology,' p. 31—'Nothing can be more decorous, gentlemanly, and even kind,' than the above Review. Perhaps Mr. Spicer is no better judge of what is 'decorous, gentlemanly, and kind,' than a gentleman of whom I have heard, who threatened to withdraw his subscription from a public institution because Mr. Lynch had been invited to one of its social meetings. The two first persons to whom I showed this

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'decorous' Review were men of very different characters and pursuits, but alike publicly distinguished; the first said, 'What a donkey!' and the other, in many respects amongst the strongest of living men, was agitated with emotion. How incredibly absurd must it seem to Messrs. Grant and Campbell, that any man should be moved even to tears at the hardness of heart shown in their 'Christian criticism.' I called the Paper in which this ignorant but unimportant Review appeared, a Samaritan Paper. The Samaritans feared the Lord after a fashion, but 'served their own gods.' They were pagan with, let us hope, a more beneficial admixture of true religion than this modern journal. The *Morning Advertiser* daily celebrates, in the queerest way, the nuptials of Jerusalem and Newmarket. 'Life in Jesus,' and death in the 'ring,' are presumed to have equal interest to its readers. In one page, Fifteen Divines are insulted, all for the glory of God and the *Morning Advertiser;* and in another, more than forty horses have their merits or demerits meritoriously discriminated. What a

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happy thing, say some, to have such an 'evangelical' man editor of the *Advertiser*. Why, it is like Christ going among the publicans and sinners. Like, indeed! with this difference, that the Lord did *not* connive at their sins for the sake of their pecuniary support. He went to seek and to save. But the Editor of the *Advertiser*, among the racers, 'betters,' and such like, pleading the good that he does by his evangelical articles amid their carnal news, suggests to us the inquiry whether a clergyman might not go to a gaming-house and sanction its proceedings, for the sake of converting its frequenters. I fear the Editor of the *Advertiser* does more to jockey the saints than he does to sanctify the jockeys. His paper may be divided into two departments—the 'ring' evangelical and the 'ring' carnal. Of course, in the Jerusalem and Newmarket nuptials these 'rings' are exchanged in mutual pledging. I prefer the 'ring' carnal. And of two bad things, I think the *honest* fist of the 'ring' carnal better than the 'leaded' fist of the 'ring' evangelical.

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"But now having introduced Mr. James Grant upon the scene, I must give rapidly some account of the development of his particular campaign. On January 11, 1856, half-past three o'clock P.M., into my study was ushered Mr. Such-a-one, and he laid a copy of that day's *Advertiser* on the table, and informed me that he had come to tell me what he had done to Mr. Grant—and what Mr. Grant had done to him. He had written to Mr. Grant (kindly, but not wisely, I should have told him if he had consulted me about it) complaining of injustice, and adducing some seventeen prominent hymns as rebutting by their so obvious Christian quality the Reviewer's allegation. Of course, Mr. Grant was too astute an editor to insert the letter. And it was no surprise to me to find that he employed its contents in a way the very reverse of what the writer expected. This second article, or—to speak 'poetically'—the quality of this new 'tap,' was no whit inferior to the first, and Mr. Grant concluded by citing or inviting me to his court, asking whether I was prepared to assert this and that. So, having been 'condemned

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already,' I was to go and plead my cause, and that before a court that had no authority. The impudence of summoning to the 'bar' a Christian minister, and a man pretty widely known for works accessible enough to those who desire to ascertain his opinions, was a little remarkable. I suppose I might have had a cider-barrel to stand on, and have brought my gown with me—I do not happen to wear one, however—in which to declaim. If Mr. Lynch is not a Deist, and so on—if his belief *is* 'sound'—if he claims any fraternity with Dr. Watts, why did he not come forward and declare himself? Reader, I will quote for you an American story; that contains solution enough of the difficulty. 'We charge,' says the *New York Express*, 'that Mr. Fremont is a Roman Catholic. Now, if he is *not* a Catholic, why don't he come out over his own signature and deny the fact?' Whereupon the *Syracuse Journal* retorts as follows: 'We charge that the editor of the *Express* is a consummate ass. Now, if he is *not* an ass, why don't he come out over his own signature and deny the fact?'

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"Well, I was quietly forgetting the *Advertiser*, when on Tuesday, January 22, out came the *real* beginning of the 'Controversy.' The curtain rises, and enter—the Rev. Dr. Campbell. That is to say, Mr. Grant, commencing by a 'faithful testimony' to that redoubtable champion of himself and heaven, proceeds to say, that as the Doctor once served the *Eclectic* and gained great fame, so now will *he* serve it and become alike distinguished. There had appeared in the *Eclectic*, *prior to the first* review in the *Advertiser*, a notice of the 'Rivulet,' giving it Christian commendation. That notice was utterly uncontroversial, and was but brief. But, as if the *Eclectic* had not quite as much right to a good opinion of me as himself to a bad one, Mr. Grant assaults that journal, threatens it with loss, and demands security for future good behaviour. In this article, Mr. Grant, that very decorous man, affirms that he has *proved* the 'Rivulet' 'to be pervaded throughout by the Rationalist Theology of Germany,' though he had not said a word before about the Theology of Germany—had not tried to prove, much less succeeded in

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proving, such a falsehood. He might just as well have said he had proved that it was pervaded throughout by French cookery. Then he asks, indignantly, whether the 'recognised organ of the two great Congregational denominations' is thus to adopt and endorse the 'cold and cheerless theology of Germany.' The extreme absurdity of charging the 'Rivulet,' and its favourable reviewer, with 'cold and cheerless' theology can only be obvious to those who have read the book. Dr. Campbell has lately informed the world ('Negative Theology,' p. 31), 'That one of the "Fifteen" transmitted a review of the "Rivulet" to the *Eclectic*, and the Editor admitted it without having seen the book.' Of the 'Fifteen' I shall shortly have to speak more particularly. Dr. Campbell's statement is utterly false. None of the Fifteen had anything more to do with writing that review than the Author of the 'Rivulet' himself had. The Editor of the *Eclectic*, as I was, during the progress of the Controversy, informed by himself, had put the book into the hands of a person of whose Christian and literary competency to prepare a notice

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of it he had good grounds for being assured. As soon, then, as the Editor of the *Eclectic* was thus assailed by the 'gentlemanly' Mr. Grant, he wrote to the *Advertiser* apologetically, assuring the Editor that all was right, and that coming numbers of the Review would prove it. Now it happened, reader, that in the very number of the *Eclectic*, the January one, which Mr. Grant assailed, there was an article on 'Doctrine and Character,' of which a notice in a country paper, written, I was informed, by an Evangelical Churchman, thus speaks: 'Its ablest article, and very able indeed it is, is on Doctrine and Character, a review of the sermons of Professor Butler. The writer is a man of large heart and comprehensive mind, appreciating worth wherever he finds it, and frankly declaring his appreciation. His way, too, of conveying what he has to say is eminently terse, vigorous, and compact. We quote a passage in evidence.' To this *I* also invite the reader's attention for a reason which will appear presently:—

"'The world is not a gymnasium, in which men contend about propositions, and the keenest debater wins salvation as a prize.

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Many have died in faith, and have been promoted to their heavenly places, to whom such words as gymnasium and proposition would have been alike unintelligible. They were "marrow men," though not of the party that assumed that name. Religion is the marrow and theology the bone; the marrow has very much to do with making the bone, and then the bone very much to do with protecting the marrow. Many of these men of simple faith knew not, indeed, the importance of controversies that were waging around them. But how many a controversialist knows not the worth of the life about whose laws and affairs he is disputing. Christ is not his life, but his logic. He becomes atrophied by disputation, wastes himself into a skeleton, and, instead of winning souls by the arguments that they hear, repels them by this skeleton form that they see.

"'But let it be distinctly understood, that religion has its own science. Its scientific student may be its meek and diligent "minister." In all science we seek to know with the utmost fulness and accuracy; and we economize both time and heart, if wise enough to learn where knowledge has its temporary or (as to earth) its final limit. The solitary student will not desist from the prosecution of his studies, because so few comprehend his topics and his interest in them. Millions of men are unconsciously interested in the results of studies to which they are unsympathetic or opposed. Let the theologer theologize, not angry with the unintelligent crowd of common Christians—one with them, and that humbly, whenever he can be; seeking their service, and not his own pleasure merely, in his lonely work. Woe to the unlearned church: double woe to the church where learning is paraded and life languishes. Does some scorner say, Of what use is the Differential Calculus in a market-place? Of no use, indeed, we reply, if you only go there and declaim upon it from the top of an empty butter-tub; but of great use, if you consider how it affects all the

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mechanics of our social life. Of what use are the higher inquiries of philosophical theology? Of no use if the people be gathered to hear the gospel on a market-day, and you hide Christ from them and hinder their approach to him by a *chevaux-de-frise* of reasoning; but of immense use, if, by its discipline, your own reason has been calmly satisfied, and you can, with loving frankness, preach the cross and the crown to the common people, no unsubdued doubt in your own soul taunting and dragging you from behind like a hidden demon at every sentence you utter.'

"You will observe in the above extract a distinct assertion of the importance of scientific theology, together with a rebuke of the merely disputatious man. 'Woe to the unlearned church: double woe to the church where learning is paraded and life languishes,' says the writer. Why did not the Editor of the *Eclectic* refer to this article as his defence, when accused of favouring, by a good word given me, that which 'is worse than even the lowest kind of Unitarianism'? Reader, the fact is, that the article in question was written by the very man on whose account the Editor was accused—that is to say, by myself. And now let me show you my position at the time, and I think I shall get some credit with you for forbearance in the

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sequel, and be able, also, to vindicate the Editor of the *Eclectic*. Mr. Grant's first attack on that journal appeared, as I said, on January 22. I knew that Mr. Ryland, the much respected editor of 'Foster's Life,' and now of Kitto's, had but just taken the editorship of the *Review*, and that the proprietorship, also, had passed into new hands. And entertaining, as I did, a sincere regard both for proprietors and editor, how could I but feel anxious about an attack which must disturb and might injure? I left it to Mr. Ryland to refer to my article on 'Doctrine and Character' or not, as he thought well, and determined that for some time, at least, I would not contribute to the *Review*. And I never have contributed since, though both proprietors and editor have, very honourably to themselves, wished me to do so. It would have been better, I think, had Mr. Ryland, on being attacked by the *Advertiser*, just written a stern, short note, equivalent to an indignant, 'Who are you?' His attempt at conciliation was only met by insolence. He was told that the 'Rivulet' was 'a book which notoriously does not

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contain one solitary evangelical sentiment from beginning to end' (Oh, blind audacity of misrepresentation!) and that he must give 'as a postscript in his February number an explicit and decided repudiation of all sympathy with the incriminated' notice of that book. Think of that, reader. The Evangelical *Eclectic* was to strike its flag to the Samaritan *Advertiser*. However, in the February number out came the Postscript, only not the one expected. And very explicit and decided it was, only not in the way Mr. Grant had taken for granted. Mr. Ryland had for the moment seemed too gentle, but he soon showed he had the *strength*, too, of the gentleman, and was no faithless coward. He stood by the 'Rivulet' simply and firmly as an Evangelical book, and expressed his utter astonishment and indignant reprobation at the reckless injustice with which Mr. Lynch had been treated. And he appended to the Postscript a letter which had been sent to the *Advertiser*, demolishing Mr. Grant's criticisms, and which that 'kind,' 'decorous' man had declined inserting. Forth now came the champion of

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Fleet Street, soon to be aided by a brother giant, whose den is hard by. As yet I was only assaulted by Gog; soon the Gog and Magog of the newspaper 'Evangelicals' were both to be upon me. Redly glowring, as through the fogs of Fleet Ditch, the editorial luminary cast over the widening field of Controversy a lurid horror. In an article, whose length was like the comet's fiery tail, and whose meaning was small and indistinct as the comet's head, Mr. Grant's sentences whooped and danced round the unhappy Editor of the *Eclectic*, and unhappier me, who was, perhaps, whimpering behind the editorial skirts, like a troop of war Indians ready to scalp everybody, then, there, and for ever. Now, at the very time Mr. Grant was writing this dreadful article, and, in the face of all the 'new lights' of the church, 'swindging the scaly horror of his folded (or say, *un*folded) tail,' he must have received a communication, with a glimpse of which the world has not heretofore been, but shall now be, favoured. On the 1st of February, a hearer of mine, who bears a name that will always be

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respected where those who have served evangelical religion are remembered, wrote him thus: 'I have been for some time past a regular attendant, together with my family, upon Mr. Lynch's ministry, and I can say most unhesitatingly that there is no minister in London, whether in the Church or out of it, who has a firmer belief than Mr. Lynch in the very doctrines which he is charged with denying. . . . . It is wholly a mistake, therefore, to compare the character of Mr. Lynch's ministry with the old and worn-out system advocated by Dr. Priestley, Belsham, Toulmin, and others of the last generation, or, on the other hand, to confound it with the heartless and negative teaching of more recent German Neologists. Whoever so judges has either taken hastily the opinions of others, or been himself a very inattentive listener.' Speaking of the hymns, he says that it is 'unsafe at any time to draw sweeping conclusions as to doctrinal belief from the language of poetry. In order to understand a hymn, it is oftentimes necessary to know the writer. Cennick's beautiful hymn of intense aspiration for

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the dying believer, in which occurs the verse—

> "My soul has tasted Canaan's grape,
> And now I long to go,"

contains not a word of doctrine; but those who know Cennick's character, and that he also wrote another hymn commencing—

> "Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,"

would naturally interpret the one by the other. So in the case of Mr. Lynch. Those who know,' &c., and then he speaks of my character as it is pleasant for any clergyman to find his hearers speaking of him, and ends thus:—'I assure you, sir, I am not misled in these remarks by a blind admiration of the preacher, but believing that the strictures you have made, and published so widely, are utterly unfounded, and are calculated to injure the reputation and interfere with the usefulness of a minister doing a sincere and earnest work, I ask the insertion of this letter as a simple matter of justice to himself and his hearers; the more so, as I have reason to believe Mr. L., though quite competent to defend

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himself, does not consider the columns of a daily journal a suitable channel for the discussion of such topics.' Of course, Mr. Grant inserted this letter? Reader, I am ashamed of you for the suggestion. Mr. Grant is a 'decorous' man. Would it have been 'decorous' for him to allow plain truth flatly to contradict him in his own paper? No, my friend's defence of me cannot induce Mr. Grant to abate one particle of his dreadfulness. He brings against me the awful charge that I apostrophize my own spirit 'as if that, too, were a sentient and active being!' Why, what is it, I wonder; does Mr. Grant think man's spirit is as dead as a brickbat, or, at best, that it should be a bagpipe, with one unvarying theological drone at bottom, and one unexhilarating, controversial screech atop? Thank God, my spirit is something more than a wind-bag, with its pipe and drone; something more, too, than a barrel-organ, which grinds one set of tunes till our teeth grind at the horrid discord into which they fall. To be considered a *very* trustworthy sort of person, your soul, I find, ought to be like an organ with only one stop.

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If you have flute and trumpet too, and half a dozen or fifty other stops besides, people can't 'understand' you. However, God gave me a soul that can laugh and cry, fight and meditate, 'impugn it whoso listeth,' as the Rev. Dr. Campbell defiantly exclaims. The bewildered falsehood of this article of Mr. Grant's compels me to devote to it a little more space than I can well afford. He refers to my 'Letters to the Scattered' in a way that suggests the surmise that he and Dr. Campbell have set up a 'Mutual Improvement Society,' in which they have studied the 'Ethics of Quotation' in company. He quotes against me these words among others—'What right have we to be *ever bewailing* "*that there is no good thing dwelling in our flesh*"?' What do you think of that, reader? It is evident what Mr. Grant would have you think. He has just said that Mr. Lynch 'clearly maintains the doctrine of merit in man.' Of course, Mr. Lynch thinks there is nothing much the matter with our flesh—no great need of God's Spirit; that the distinction, indeed, between flesh and spirit is of no moment. Here's

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Theology, cry Mr. Grant's readers. Think of the Rev. Anybody, much more the Rev. Newman Hall, having anything to do with it. The Rev. Newman Hall, who, as a chivalrous soldier of Jesus Christ, has won for himself such honour by the courage, at once prompt and unswerving, with which he has defended, not Mr. Lynch merely, but the righteousness that is in Christ, as assailed in this 'Controversy,' *has* nothing to do with such theology. Nor has Mr. Lynch himself; nor has the *Christian Spectator*. Here is the passage, not as it is *Advertised* by Mr. Grant, but as it stands in last November's number of the *Spectator* :—

"'Surely we need never fear that a man is too respectable to feel himself a sinner, if only he be addressed as the sort of sinner that he really is. He may not act upon what he knows, but he does know. Become better, and you will often bitterly lament that you are not better still, whilst yet, oh, how thankful that you are no worse. But we must not talk as if the one excellency of saints were the confession they are sinners. Confession may be, not the sign but the substitute, of repentance. Alas for the saint who says to-day and to-morrow that he is a sinner, if it is as true to-day as it was yesterday, and as true to-morrow as it is to-day! What right have we to be ever bewailing that there is "no good thing dwelling in our flesh"? has not God given us his Spirit? is there nothing good

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in our spirit? does not God's Spirit dwell with ours? If it does not, then we are none of his, and have cause to bewail, but still no cause to be complacent over our bewailing.'

"I presume no Christian clergyman need be ashamed of such sentences. And as to my views of 'merit in man,' read what follows from the June (1855) number of this journal:—

"'The proof that God hates the sins (a man) has committed is not the proof that God hates him. The results of God's punitive arrangement are never borne by a really good man as mere punishment. To him the retributive is, indeed, the redemptive also. Such a man possessed of life, and of the hope of honour and immortality through Jesus Christ, having renounced mere nature to live by the Divine Spirit, may so act in self-sacrificing love, that grace shall by him more abound for good than ever sin did for evil. But he does not pass over from a state of demerit in which he was less, to a state of meritoriousness in which he is more, than the commandment requires. He who has failed under the old commandment, as restored is under the new, and is for ever out of the sphere of mere law, except as love understands it. What he does, he does according to the promptings of a heart alive to spiritual love. And be his love much as it may, it can never be *more* than is answerable to the Divine love. How much less, indeed, must it be than this! Love pays best when it acknowledges that payment is beyond its means. Thus its meritoriousness is that it claims no merit. It knows, and thanks God for, its own worth; but its boast were its undoing.'

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"Well, the 'decorous' Mr. Grant, at the close of this cometary article, is 'kind' and 'gentlemanly' enough, after personal allusions to myself, false — and unwarrantable had they been true—to assault Mr. Hall, endeavouring to damage the author of what he admits to be one of the 'best and most useful religious publications which the present age has produced,' by implicating him in my heresies. Mr. Hall had, in spite of 'adverse criticism,' presumed to commend the 'Rivulet' at a public meeting. He spoke of it as having recently gushed from the heart of 'one of our ministers,' and called it a 'pure and refreshing' stream. Would you give out such a hymn as *this* at Surrey Chapel? cries Mr. Grant, selecting one obviously among the least fit for public use, the 'little pool,' namely, in which he and his friends have so charitably and unavailingly attempted to drown me, and offering it as a *fair* specimen of my *Christian* Hymns. Surely, Mr. Hall is at liberty to commend a volume of hymns without people having a right to infer that he thinks them suitable for Surrey Chapel,

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or, indeed, any other chapel. Nobody but Mr. Grant, one would think, could have drawn such an inference. But when a man has the power of 'blowing' his inferences through the sonorous, discordant trumpet of such a paper as the *Advertiser*, credulous people are apt to think that so much 'sound and fury' must signify something. The misapprehension of the weak is through the misrepresentation of the wicked.

"Thus, then, the matter stands during the month of February. And on the 1st of March, there appeared a document, known now as 'The Protest.' This piece of Protestantism, as all genuine Protestantism does, has given wonderful offence. As to offence, what matter? When the offence of the Cross has ceased, the power of the Cross will have ceased too. All the best deeds in the world have been 'blunders' if resulting inconveniences can prove brave acts to be errors. And now I call the reader's attention to two things. First, that the Scripture never speaks lightly of sin and its strength for mischief, because the sinner happens to be

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foolish as well as wicked. One sinner destroyeth much good; he need not be a particularly clever or accomplished sinner to produce this effect. Wisdom alone is strong for ultimate successes, but folly is very powerful for immediate ones. It is quite common for wisdom to fail in the outset, and quite as common for folly to succeed. It is true that the assailant of Mr. Ryland, and Mr. Hall, and Mr. Lynch, and Truth and Decency, was only Mr. James Grant; but then, though Mr. Grant is nobody, 'Magna est *stultitia* et prævalebit'—that is to say for a time. And secondly, let the reader consider that wise men, observing evil in a given instance, think not of the *instance* only, but of the *class* of evils of which it is a specimen. They seek to make the coming forth of evil in any particular Wrong an occasion for the rebuke and repression of the evil spirit itself. Remembering these things, shall we be surprised that Fifteen Christian gentlemen, having learnt from their Bibles what strength there is in folly, and desiring, for Christ's sake, to turn to the best account

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an available opportunity for rebuking Calumnious Folly—should utter their quietly fervent Protest against Mr. Grant's procedures? These gentlemen must have thought the religion of the *Morning Advertiser* consummate whitewash, the very stuff to beplaster that unholy sepulchre, a hypocrite's heart. They knew, too, from their dictionaries, that a fool is 'one who is puffed up like a bellows with wind.' And though quite aware that his blasts of rude wrath, editorial or other, cannot extinguish any celestial 'tongue of flame' wherewith God has 'sealed' and empowered a righteous man for his service, they were aware, too, that these *can* fan a spark into a conflagration, and for awhile subvert souls and shake communities. They took, then, all risks in protesting, and did the thing, as all just things must be done, 'for better or worse,' as to the immediate issues. The Rev. Messrs. Allon, Binney, Brown, Fleming, Hall, Harrison, Jukes, Kent, Martin, Newth, Nunn, Smith, Spence, Vaughan, and White, protested against Mr. Grant's Reviews; for, said they, 'if this is suffered to pass current

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as a specimen of Christian reviewing, then Christian reviewing will soon become an offence unto all good men.' Dr. Campbell, Mr. Grant's friend, says that these Fifteen present 'an unparalleled and a highly imposing array of learning, piety, public character, and official influence,' and describes them as 'highly respected, reputable, and influential Metropolitan Ministers.' Mr. Grant, however, in his usual 'decorous' way, speaks of some of them as, in terror of his own great self, having 'hid themselves in the holes of their native obscurity.' I dare say the reader will remember the fable of the donkey that brayed so awfully like a lion that a sagacious creature observed, 'Why, even *I* should have been frightened if I had not known it was *you*.' The 'Nunns, and Newths, and Jukeses, and Kents' knew that the mighty voice was only Mr. Grant's voice. Perhaps it may be as well to refer to the 'holes' of these gentlemen. The 'hole' of Professor Newth, M.A., is called New College. In this commodious 'hole' he lectures on Mathematics and on Ecclesiastical History, and, I dare say,

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Mr. Grant might be admitted as a 'lay' student on payment of the proper fee. A short course on Ecclesiastical History might do him good, and elevate equally the style of his own reviewing and his estimate of Mr. Newth. Mr. Nunn's 'hole' is Haverstock Hill, a very pleasant and rather conspicuous 'hole.' His church being thus set upon a hill, his light is by no means hid under a bushel, and he has no cause to wish that it was, seeing it is not a flaring light, with more smoke than flame, but a quiet one, that burns steadily. Mr. Jukes's 'hole' is in a different sort of locality, which makes him all the more useful, as his light is one that 'shineth in a dark place.' He is minister of Orange Street Chapel. And if Mr. Grant were half as careful to refer his 'politics' to the teaching of wiser men than himself, as Mr. Jukes is to try opinion by the statements of Scripture, his readers would certainly be much better off than they are. Mr. Kent's 'hole' is at Norwood, where, knowing Greek far better than Mr. Grant will ever know English, and having a mind as

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harmonious as his disposition is amiable, he blends the saint and the scholar in a way that I should think would secure him from everybody's insolence except Mr. Grant's. The Protest to which these four 'obscure' gentlemen were good enough to attach their names along with others, had, as early as the middle of last March, according to Mr. Grant, 'already acquired an imperishable place in the annals of Nonconformity.' It was even honoured with a place in the columns of the *Advertiser*, but the Editorial Postscript with which Mr. Ryland introduced it to the notice of his readers was not so honoured. And although when Mr. Grant issued his renowned pamphlet called the 'Controversy,' &c., the cover stated that this Controversy was between the *Eclectic Review* and certain gentlemen on the one side, and Mr. Grant on the other, both this second Editorial Postscript and an important portion of the first one (namely, the letter appended to it) were *omitted.* Speaking of the *unsolicited* support of the Fifteen ministers, Mr. Ryland says that, 'next to the *mens conscia recti*, he

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would desire no better human protection'—than such a one—'against the assaults of opinionated bigots and self-constituted Defenders of the Faith, who, to prove their regard for the glory of the Divine Being, violate one of his plainest commands, by bearing false witness against their neighbour, and insanely attempt to "erect religion on the ruins of morality;" who, while loud in professions of attachment to the *doctrines* of the Gospel, prove themselves miserably deficient in those Christian *virtues* of justice and charity, apart from which any professed faith in the most orthodox creed is barren and worthless, "*being alone.*"'

"The Reviewer—that is, Mr. Grant—say the Protestors, 'has invoked so solemnly the sacred name of evangelical truth to consecrate his criticism, that we, loving the Gospel, feel bound to enter our protest; and one of our number, Mr. Newman Hall, having been severely blamed for his public commendation of Mr. Lynch's poems, we, sharing his convictions, gladly place ourselves at his side. In a book of Hymns for the Heart and Voice

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we did not look for didactic theological statements, but we found,' &c. Now, I wonder it did not occur to these gentlemen that an angular and frosty 'theological statement' dropped into a hymn would give it, to a palate like Mr. Grant's, all the effect of *iced* champagne. Indeed, I wonder I did not think of this myself. Only, if second thoughts are best, they are, it must be considered, latest also. These gentlemen did *not* find in the 'Rivulet' lumps of unmelted ice. They no more looked indeed for 'theological statement' in a hymn, than in shrimp sauce you look for the *shell* of the creature whose delicate flavour you are enjoying. Scientific religion is a kind of crustacean, and, as perhaps the reader is aware is the case with a lobster, sometimes comes completely out of its shell, not naked, but in a new one, the very fac-simile of the old one, only brighter, stronger, larger. The old one is then left behind, very lobster-like and very empty. You may see it any day in the Vivarium at Regent's Park. There Mr. Grant may behold the very image of his Theology—not a science conjoined

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to, and protective of, a living Religion—but the *empty* parade of a science that has no Life within. This Lobster-case is the 'idol' that the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* hath set up; and at what time ye hear the noise of the owl and the goose, the *Watchman* and the *Record*, and all sorts of dissonances, ye shall fall down and worship the *empty* Theology that the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* hath set up.

"The way in which Mr. Grant received the Protest, and thereupon acted, reminds me of the great, but hitherto unrecorded, case of Sir Sulphur Vaunty. Sir Sulphur was a political brawler, who at last became so troublesome that he was openly condemned as a Brawler by the Twelve Judges, and the general good sense of his country; and his property, that is to say, his name and fame, such as he had, were confiscated as a warning to others. What did Sir Sulphur do, but immediately issue an account of the matter under the title of 'The great Political Struggle between her Majesty's Twelve Judges and the people of England on

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the one side, and Sir Sulphur Vaunty on the other side.' And therein he glorified himself, as one against so many; and the smoky fumes of his brain actually led him to conceive that he had routed the Judges—several of whom he mocked at by name in a most offensive, but ridiculous, manner. Mr. Grant had actually the presumption to talk of the rebuke he had received as if a castigation was the same thing as a Controversy. Was it likely that Mr. Martin, for instance, because he is strong as well as meek, would enter into Controversy with Mr. Grant? Would he 'come down' from 'doing a great work' and enter the 'ring'? Mr. Newman Hall was the only one of the Fifteen with whom there was even an *appearance* of Controversy. Having himself an eminently frank nature, he 'hoped all things,' and thought that even Mr. Grant would allow a flagrant misstatement to be corrected. Mr. Grant actually charged Mr. Newman Hall with not having read the Reviews to which the Protest refers. Mr. Hall endeavoured to set him right, and to correct, also, other misstatements. Vain attempt!

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No! like a character mentioned in the Scriptures, Mr. Grant 'raged, and was confident.' His articles made more noise in Fleet Street than all the waggons and omnibuses that rumble there. Each Press in the *Morning Advertiser* establishment became a Battery, and the 'devils,' grimy with theologic gunpowder, filled London with the echo of their explosions. The smoke, like fogs from Fleet Ditch, rolled out of town far into the country. Mr. Grant took everybody for slain whom he saw through the smoke of his own artillery; and imagining his victories, proceeded to celebrate them at once with huzzas truly astounding. The air grew so dark, and the cry so fearful, that even the Earl of Shaftesbury, leaving in his hurry his Star of the Order of Berea behind him, came forth and answered a matter before he heard it, to the great edification and delight of the 'Religious World,' and the still greater regret of his real friends. On March 15 the great Pamphlet came out, and on May 5 the seventh edition was thus prefaced, 'The extraordinary sensation produced by this publication, so far

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from subsiding, continues to increase.' It was during May that the Earl of Shaftesbury spoke of the 'horrid epidemic which had seized upon some of the brightest Nonconformist divines'—his words furnishing, according to the *Advertiser*, a 'most accurate representation of the awful state of things which existed in the realms of Nonconformity.' The 'dreadful doctrines of the German Neologists' were 'upon us.' Mr. Grant declared himself more gratified than he could express with such a 'noble' testimony. 'We have looked into the "Rivulet,"' says the *Watchman*, of May 28, 'and cannot conceive how any one can suppose the writer to be an Evangelical Christian:' and then presently afterwards he remarks, that it 'is said, and not contradicted,' that Mr. Lynch, &c. Truly, I should have enough to do to contradict everything that is being, and has been, said of me. 'Never contradict anything,' said a great and well-abused actor in political strifes, 'for if you contradict one thing, all the rest that you have no opportunity of contradicting will be taken for true.' 'Certain it is,' says the *Record* of June

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13, 'that the "Rivulet," as a book of hymns, is destitute of all pretensions to poetry, whilst its theology, as has been well said, is better suited to the Ojibbeway Indians, who worship the Great Spirit, than to those who believe in the living truths of the Gospel covenant.' Poor Ojibbeways, perhaps there is a lower hell than even theirs—that of liars, who have spoken falsely in the name of the Lord. The *Record* then speaks of the 'fifteen rash apologists of Mr. Lynch and the "Rivulet,"' and of the 'great force, great candour, and great temper' of the Rev. Dr. Campbell (for prior to this the Doctor had been issuing his paper thunders, and had been reproved by Mr. Brown), and of the many consolations he has under the 'flippant assaults of such striplings as Mr Baldwin Brown.' Now it is certain that neither Mr. Brown nor myself are hoary-headed, and it is to be hoped we never shall be—in iniquity. But the one of us has said, and the other would say Amen to the words, 'Upon our Bible we may write, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head;" the eye of this sage is not dim, nor his

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natural force abated; his brow is grave, as with a burden of still unuttered truth; his yet youthful eye is bright as with a new-fallen tear of mercy.' It is because Mr. Brown 'rises up' in homage to the real sage, that he will not bow down to the Papal Idol of the hour. And wherefore does he, or any other man, 'rise up' before his Lord, but to show that he is ready to serve, and has, therefore, risen to 'smite,' if the command be, 'Go forth to battle'? If Mr. Brown were a stripling, which he is not, was there not a stripling named David, who did great things, and another stripling named Elihu, who spake them? If the Church in its wisdom should found an order, called the Order of Divine Striplings, neither Mr. Brown nor myself could desire anything better than, in memory of services at least faithfully attempted, to have our breast decorated, yes, and hallowed, with its 'Cross.'

"But I must now return again from June to March, as I have to speak somewhat particularly, though with brevity, of events intervening. A voluble, inflated man had assailed first myself

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and then the *Eclectic Review*, with an insolence happily but seldom equalled, and had been rebuked for his misconduct. A number of Christian gentlemen and ministers, associating in one group private worth, scholarship, diversity of gifts and broad, good fame, had, with an honourable regard to public justice, and an honourable disregard of popular clamour, chivalrously reprimanded the foe, and stood forth, not as my friends only or chiefly, but as men who felt a knightly consecration to the service of spiritual Religion, with its Courtesy and Liberty. True chivalry will never die till Christ does, and He is alive for evermore. Their castigation of himself Mr. Grant called a controversy with him; as if the rod had a controversy with the fool's back. Like an impudent schoolboy, who had been birched for his impertinence, he swaggers into the play-ground, and tells all the little fellows that there has been a 'row,' that is to say, a controversy between him and the masters. Really I do not see what Stultus has to boast of because the rod that birched him has actually fifteen twigs, any more than a

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faithless soldier would have that he was to be 'executed' by a platoon of fifteen fellow-soldiers, comrades in name, but of another and a braver spirit. Any one bullet would do the business; the Platoon of Fifteen does but give the transaction more solemnity and moral effect. Well, the Controversy being thus originated, Mr. Grant, after 'execution,' is ten times more alive than ever, and 'edition after edition' of his pamphlet 'is flying through the air like wildfire,' at least so says the *Christian Cabinet* in its *fifth* notice. *Wild*fire truly. *Fatuus et ferox.* During the happy months of May and April last, at many an Evangelical tea-table this pamphlet was as good as—or as bad as—brandy in the tea. But, after all, the Evangelical world had not yet got the 'real thing,' the 'pure Glenlivet.' The man whose 'force,' and 'temper,' and 'candour,' like his 'length,' 'breadth,' 'height,' conspire to make him an individual of truly portentous dimensions, now comes on the scene.

"Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Clash the gongs, great Magog comes:

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Shout according to your manner,
Ye who bear his dusky banner.
Black it is, with gory stains,
Praise him in your harshest strains:
He is King of wrath and clamour,
And his sign—The brazen hammer.

"Truly may slain and wounded reputations cry out against the Rev. Dr. Campbell, 'Oh earth, cover not thou our blood.' His track, like that of the simoom, is marked by his victims. He hath shown no mercy. He even flatters without mercy, when flattery is his cue. This 'distinguished' person, this man of Union, at least of *the* Union, now takes the field. Napoleon dismisses his subaltern and appears himself. Exit Grant; enter Campbell. He came forward softly at the first, much as if Satan should present himself in a dress coat, with his tail hid in the pocket. He talked sweetly of peace and love: 'cooed' plentifully, although suspiciously. The Rev. Doctor, 'in the prosecution of his *truth-seeking and peace-making* enterprise,' puts his hat over his horns; but though the brim was broad, the wind was high. Off went the hat, and the well-known

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horns were revealed. Specimens of the Doctor's professional 'goodwill' to myself abound in his pamphlet called 'Nonconformist Theology.' This consists of articles which, having been first published in the *Banner* during April and May, were then collected together, and then sold to those who would buy them, and distributed to those who would not. It is to this pamphlet, in connection with another entitled 'Negative Theology,' that two publications called 'Songs Controversial' and 'The Ethics of Quotation,' by Silent Long, relate. I must refer the reader to these 'Songs' and 'Ethics' for my fuller opinion of Dr. Campbell's writings. By this time, he will understand, that is, by the middle of May, the controversial *mêlée* had become pretty general. Almost all 'religious' parties 'came to words' about it then, or have done so since. Even the High Churchman condescended to look down from his tiptop elevation to see what was the matter, though he by no means condescended to learn the 'uttermost of the matter.' He merely said it was a 'row' among the Dissenters, and, turning to his

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clerical neighbour, sipped his port complacently. The whole of what is known as the 'Nonconformist Press of the Capital' Dr. Campbell confesses was against him. The *Nonconformist*, the *Freeman*, the *Patriot*, the *Christian Weekly News*, the *Empire*, the *Wesleyan Times*, &c., and many other Journals, Reviews, and Magazines, town and country, were all for the 'Rivulet;' the whole spirit and stress of their articles in favour of the Fifteen, and against the assailants. I for the hour, as I said to a correspondent, bore the Flag; at me the arrows flew, and therefore around me the brave rallied. But, oh! the queer 'theological' characters that looked forth all grease and grimace from their several Caves of Adullam. And, oh! the general shudder of suspicion that went through the country, against not me only, but (which affected me much more) the gentlemen who, for Truth's sake, had encountered obloquy. It may well give me just pleasure to have now an opportunity of acknowledging respectfully the generous goodwill and firm, quiet courage they have shown. They will not regret their course. The air will be the

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clearer for this storm. The day will be brought at least a little nearer, when all iniquity will stop her mouth. Men will have more liberty to love one another, notwithstanding differences; and the result will be, that differences will grow less and agreement greater. The provinces of Religion and Theology will be more fairly and more beneficially distinguished. Men will see that those who vaunt their Theology against other men's religion have not even that truly of which they make their boast. Nothing in the progress of this painful but auspicious 'Controversy' has been more noticeable than the utter lack of quiet insight, as well as of justice and kindness, in the 'Theological' champions and assailants. As to their 'theology,' really, to a man like myself, who, whatever his crimes may be, has at least, as the Protestors say, exercised 'severe and patient thought,' it is utterly contemptible. Their fussy 'service' to 'theology' is like that of undertakers' men who, in dreary, faded black attend 'professionally' around a corpse. What have they done to make anybody truer, kinder,

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sedater, and more tolerant? They talk about the claims of God's justice; but are they just? The 'righteousness' of Christ should surely issue in the righteousness of Christians. It is not the substitute for theirs, but the cause of theirs. I know not whether the reader has ever observed, as I have, a singular antagonism of pretension and character. The few people whom I have known to *obtrude* Love in their discourse, have all either been stingy or ill-natured; and I have heard of a most unjust man who had continually in his mouth the words, '*Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*' Beware always of a man who is a great partisan for Theology. Depend upon it, like the Editors of the *Record*, and *Banner*, and *Advertiser*, he knows nothing at all about it. What presumption it is for these men, in their hurrying, talking, unmeditative life, to attempt to school the studious and thoughtful. Why, there is a hundred times more 'theology' in the 'Fifteen,' to say nothing of religion, than in all the Editors and Scribes put together that have attacked them.

"Amongst the oddities of this Controversy, the

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conduct of the *Christian Cabinet* deserves a word or two. Did the reader ever hear of the *Christian Cabinet?** Truly it is a cabinet not without curiosities. It is a little penny journal, just big enough to make a paper boat of to swim for a moment's sport, and then perish. The wind is very inconstant, but not so variable as this paper, which, indeed, changes its mind, like the wind its direction, without any very discoverable reason. On December 28, 1855, just after the appearance of the 'Rivulet,' its opinion was that the volume abounded with passages adapted 'to brighten and exhilarate the mind—to recover it when it is losing the proper tone of feeling—to exalt it with happy, holy thoughts—to clothe the waste and desolate places of the soul with fruitfulness and verdure, and prepare it for doing brave battle amidst the trials and discouragements of daily life.' The *Cabinet* quoted three hymns in illustration of these

* "The *Cabinet* is getting now a little more self-consistent. Its conduct towards me has been ridiculous. But wishing it, under its new management, more wisdom, I can heartily wish it, as *wiser*, a good success.

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sentiments, and concluded, as well it might, by 'cordially wishing the volume a wide circulation.' But on March 21 the *Cabinet* discovered that it had never seen the volume, and on May 16, called it 'a little penny rattle of rhymery, by one Mr. Lynch.' This was somewhat of a descent both for it and me. However, when things get to the worst, they begin to mend. So on May 23, out came 'Mine Opinion,' that is to say, Mr. Spurgeon's opinion, which was communicated to the world through this important organ. Mr. Spurgeon acknowledged that he could 'scarce see into the depths where lurked the essence of the matter.' 'Perhaps the hymns,' said he, 'are not the fair things that they seem.' He saw enough in the 'glistening eyes' of the mermaids to suspect they might have a fishy body and a snaky tail. But he confessed that he did not see the said tail. In fact it lay too deep for him to see, or for anybody else. This Review of Mr. Spurgeon's enjoys the credit with me of being the only thing on his side—that is, *against* me—that was impertinent, without being malevolent. It

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evinced far more ability and appreciation than Grant or Campbell had done, and indicated a man whose eyes, if they do not get blinded with the fumes of that strong, but unwholesome, incense, Popularity, may glow with a heavenlier brightness than it seems to me they have yet done. Mr. Spurgeon concluded by remarking, that 'the old faith must be triumphant,' in which I entirely agree with him, doubting only whether he is yet old enough in experience of the world's sorrows and strifes to know what the old faith really is. He says, 'we shall soon have to handle truth not with kid gloves, but with gauntlets—the gauntlets of holy courage and integrity.' Ay, that we shall, and some of us now do. And, perhaps, the man who has a soul that 'fights to music,'

> 'Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,
> Confident of victory,'

is the likeliest to have a hand with a grip for battle and a grasp for friendship alike strong and warm. Mr. Spurgeon spoke on May 23; and now in October the *Cabinet* scarce knows what to think. A week or two ago it compared

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me to Apollos, and recommended Priscilla and Aquila to invite me to tea, and 'teach me the way of the Lord more perfectly.' And in the last number that I have seen, it expresses a hope that I 'shall turn out well.' I am sure I hope I shall, and that soon, and the Controversy too, for time loiters not. Time loiters not: this very afternoon the autumn leaves have crackled under my feet in the now early twilight. The dahlias droop pensively. And from the creeper, whose green branches I trained in spring, the red leaves have nearly all fallen. Time loiters not. I, the much-abused 'stripling,' am close on my fortieth year. To think of it stops my breath and my pen, and rather fills my eyes than my paper. I have both suffered and succeeded in such ways that indifference and ardour now attemper one another. 'Dissent' cannot do me much more harm than it has done. As I stand in a cathedral, I say, 'Ah, how glorious you would be were it not for the clergy;' and then I add, 'you are grand enough to rest patient for a century or two; you are a tomb now, you will be a shrine by-and-by; you wait for worshippers,

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and shall not wait vainly. The "old" spirit shall some day be the "new," seeing that Truth and glory are eternal.' But *I* am loitering, which should not be, seeing that I must hasten to end this Review. Well, then, reader, in the spirit of a 'fine old English Dissenter,'—and I assure you, if you are not cognizant of the fact, that our Independent grandfathers were as grand in their way as any cathedral,—let me ask you to accompany me to the Milton Club. On the 18th of May was held there a Meeting of the Congregational Union, which, possibly, may prove its last, or the last of the Union as it now is. Possibly, I say; for to conjecture is human, but to prophesy, divine. On the previous Tuesday, Mr. Baldwin Brown had, in the open meeting of the Union, protested against Dr. Campbell's treatment of Mr. Lynch, and been sustained by applause, prompt, full, fervent. On the Saturday, 'the brethren' held a private conference. They talked the Controversy over, and imagined that they had bound their Samson with the 'new cords' of a Promise that he should slay no more victims with his favourite weapon. Sincerely

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do I believe that many present desired things pure as well as peaceable. I not the less regret some things said then; nor should I have been satisfied had Dr. Campbell kept the promise he was understood to make. The feeling of the meeting, I have been again and again told, was unanimous against his publishing in a pamphlet what he had issued against me in his *Banner*. But that was no full redress to me for being victimised by the Union's unscrupulous Editor. It was partial redress, inasmuch as it was at least a semi-public and influential protest against Dr. Campbell's course. The Union was content, Pilate-like, to scourge me and let me go. They did not wish to press matters to extremity. But, then, why should I be scourged? Why should I be beaten openly, uncondemned by any lawful authority, nay, after having been justified and honoured by such authority? The firmest front should have been shown against Dr. Campbell's whole procedure. It was not. And in this—I say it regretfully and respectfully—Mr. Binney, I think, was not 'himself.' I must refer the

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reader to Mr. Binney's letter to the members of the Congregational Union for a full account of what he said at this meeting. The letter is most temperate and gentlemanly. Dr. Campbell's rejoinder to it in a series of Articles, republished under the title 'Negative Theology,' is in utter and in most discreditable contrast to it. But when Mr. Binney says, 'It was an error'—of the Author's—'to call his poems hymns; and it is an error to use them as such in Public Worship,' he admits an error which I very calmly and very firmly deny to be one; and makes a concession to the enemy which I am sure he never would have done had he heard the hymns sung. But suppose there was such an error on my part; what had that to do with the Criticisms (!) with which I was favoured? *I* had not published 'The Rivulet' for congregational use. I was, at least, too 'old' for a folly like that. With my own congregation I made a private arrangement, satisfactory to them and to me.* To the public the book went forth as a

* "We usually sing one hymn from the 'Rivulet' at a service. On the introduction of the Book, I delivered a Lecture on the Life and Times of our honoured Psalmist, Dr. Watts.

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book of Hymns for perusal, out of which the Churches might gradually adopt such hymns as seemed to them best fitted for general worship. Mr. Binney spoke, too, of the Protest as an error: 'Things had been better left to take their own course.' But was this the opinion of the Fifteen? Is it now the opinion of the more thoughtful part of the Public? Considerate men are now saying, 'This Controversy was necessary for the discovery of the intolerance and fierce tyrannic ignorance of the Religious World.' The Protestors have, indeed, done a real Protestant work. Dr. Campbell, Caiaphas-like, used words true (at least *partially*) in a sense other than he supposed, when he said of the Controversy, that 'Nothing like it had occurred within the memory of the present generation; or, perhaps, since the days of the Reformation.' Has Mr. Binney, then, withdrawn from the Protest? No, assuredly. His references to myself and to the reviewers prove that. He was—with generous intentions, but with not enough of caution as regards the cause represented in my person—too conciliatory to-

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wards Dr. Campbell and his party. I stand by my Book. I have published much beside the 'Rivulet.' But had I no other book to offer to the public, I should confidently say, Judge the man by the book, is he not a Christian? You would require, indeed, to know the man before you could say, having read this hymn and the other, his doctrinal opinions are such and such. But take the whole book; and then I ask could any other than a Christian have written it? Take its parts, and then I ask, is there one hymn unbeseeming a Christian, or which does not receive, as to the Author's opinions, sacred and illustrative light from its companions? Having expressed my regret that Mr. Binney's course at this meeting was not somewhat different, how can I but also express my sense of the service he has rendered to 'our' cause by the distinction of his name, and my sorrow that he should have been exposed to the vulgar indignities of the *British Banner?* Leaving it to another time and to another hand to offer, whatever a sour or even a fair Criticism may wish to offer in abatement of Mr. Binney's just

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praise, I say—What in him, or any other honoured man, is the chaff which the wind driveth away, to the wheat which giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater? Mr. Binney has been a Religious Power, not in London Nonconformity alone, but in London life. In his broad humanity, and in his devout adherence to that elementary Christian truth which, because elementary, is also profound, he has been strong, and of his 'fulness' many have received. Many a single sermon of his has had more pentecostal force in it than a whole shower of 'articles' easily written and easily forgotten. And now he is of ripening years. Of a good fame, settled on too secure foundations to be wrenched from its 'hold' by the assaults of the *Banner* and its 'company;' but of a heart still young enough to be noble, and therefore able to feel an indignity that it is yet able also to sustain; I believe that, so far from regretting his championship of myself and of the cause which I represent, Mr. Binney, the more he inquires, the more will be confirmed and satisfied. How then, reader, stands the Controversy now? On

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the 23rd September a private meeting of some principal members of the Union was held in London. For nearly twelve hours was the 'Controversy' debated. The usual autumnal meeting of that Union will not be held this year. 'Peace,' it is feared, cannot be maintained. Newspaper articles in their varieties are still appearing, and opinions are being offered or obtruded according to the temper of the man whose they are. My own name, of course, has been, and is, very prominent in these wrangles and discussions, but I wish particularly to warn the reader against a mistake. This is not, as it has been called, the 'Lynch' Controversy. It is, in the principles concerned, your own controversy, reader—the controversy of the modern Church; the controversy of Jesus Christ. The real question has never been, whether a particular book is or is not adapted for use in public worship. The 'Rivulet' was never offered to the churches as in itself a sufficient book of song. Whether or no the majority of its hymns are suited for public use is no doubt a

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question of some interest. And I shall not assume the language of that humility which is but a veiled egotism, and speak as if I undervalued them, considered in that respect. I do not. I believe their value for worship to be real, and leave the reader to put it high or low as he pleases. But a much more important question is, whether the book is a Christian book. If God has been pleased to try a great question of Spiritual Liberty, making the publication of my book the 'case' on which the question should be raised for trial, people of course must examine the book if they would get the full advantage of the first special inquiry. But the question in the highest view of it is one that far transcends in importance the estimate of a book or of a man. It concerns the liberty which men and churches have in Christ Jesus. Are we to enjoy God's own sacred permissions, and serve Him 'in the newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter'? We have our rights as against usurping churches and 'doctors.' Our rights are God's grants; grants righteously and mercifully

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made. They are franchises of that celestial city, in whose roll of citizenship our names are entered, though we are out on a holy warfare in a far and foreign land. We must defend our franchise for the sake of our brethren, who are or may yet be enslaved. Wonderful is the disclosure that the last nine months have made to me of the love of giving pain, the envious contempt, the intolerant ignorance, that prevail in so-called Christian Churches. It is as if Christ had become a name to curse by. The Goliaths of the creeds looking on me disdained me and cursed me in the name of their gods. And why?—because my God is Christ, and not creed about him. I have had often in this journal and elsewhere to speak of the *use* of creeds as well as of their abuse. But surely the abuse has been and is now so frightful that we may represent creeds, as saying of Christ, 'This is the heir, come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours.' The inheritance shall not be theirs! The inheritance is Christ's, and shall be. When people call you Christless, they often mean no

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more than that you are creedless, and creedless only in the sense of not accepting all their phrases about truths as full and final, though perhaps you understand and revere and obey these truths far more than your accusers. Christ is the Truth, and he that loves the Truth loves truths. There is no fear that we shall be indifferent to truths, if we be thoughtful lovers of Christ Jesus. But the love of creeds is not the love of truths; it is the proud antagonist of that higher love. What think ye of Christ? Sirs, ye will not let us think of Christ; as soon as we tell you a little of our thought ye strike us on the mouth. Reader, we must guard the liberty of the learner, and that we shall the most certainly do if we ourselves have learned Christ in the exercise of our own liberty. I do not myself ask tolerance from the orthodox, as if I were only in an early stage of thinking, not knowing as yet unto what principal convictions my thoughts would grow. I know in whom I have believed, and my belief, thank God, is grounded and rooted, and thereupon are both buds and fruits. But

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I affirm it to be my right and duty to shield the liberty of inquirers, and to encourage its exertion. And I, for one, am ready to fraternise with men who are not in my view as orthodox as myself. And I am willing to take all risks as to my repute with the 'orthodox,' especially so called, so *self*-named. I deny their orthodoxy. I charge them with heresy. For as the advocate of a regenerate orthodoxy I distinguish between heresy of the mind and heresy of the will. If man were only a mind, then heresy would be simply a mental failure, and would admit, if of any, only of a mental cure. But man is more than a mind. And heresy may be a moral fault as well as a mental failure. The heretical temper is that of a man whose judgment is angry and partial, and who expresses his opinions with obstinate, arrogant self-will. It is Orthodoxy itself then that is the great heretic. Yes, and in the full sense of the word is Orthodoxy heretical. Its mind is wrong because its heart is not right; the very truths it knows have a warped and incomplete expression, because of its self-will. Both in

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temper and opinion Orthodoxy is heretical. Many a man wrong in opinion is right in temper. Many there are who would have become orthodox if only the orthodox would have let them. They should have striven more earnestly against their spiritual oppressors. But their weakness does not excuse these oppressors for such wicked exercise of strength. If an orthodox man be a proud or a timorous formalist he will have no faith in the men, nor hope for them, who in paths diverging from many points are all travelling towards the one Zion. Their paths are inclined to one another at various angles; their distances from the common centre are various too, but they are all going one way. And the heterodox man, if he be a man who resents the disciplines of Truth as well as the formalities of Orthodoxy as alike shackles on his self-will, may be easily distinguished for the wrong-headed person that he is by the lack of traveller's zeal to get onward to the true goal. He may be looking the right way, but he does not run well, nor indeed run at all. If, wishing to be indeed

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emancipated from the bond of a sectarian education, and to possess freely all that Christ's wisdom can give his followers, we will but consider the great aims of a holy life, and the great abiding necessities of the human nature that is to be made holy, we shall hopefully say, the Christianity I seek for, the pure, powerful truth, can be no new thing. This, that is to save me, has saved thousands. This, of which I am to be so confident, and in which I am to be so glad, has given confidence and joy to my brethren through many an age. In the conviction that there are cardinal things, and in the determination to seek and possess these, and to regard all others in subordination thereto, consists the security of the man who thinks freely. There is no freedom of thought which can be without damage and disgrace, except that which corresponds, both in its permissions and restraints, to freedom of action. We are not free to act against rectitude and wisdom, nor free to think forgetful of prime truths and chief necessities. Once let the trusting heart be united to Christ,

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so that of the works of obedient faith it can say—

> 'Inspiring Saviour, unto Thee
> My work I give in fealty,
> Thy life I have and seek—'

and then the liberty of the soul in all studies of God's works and word may be safely granted, and its exercise will be found most healthful to the believing man. The more varieties of thought and of expression there are, so only that variety does but indicate honest and progressive individual action, and so that agreement of holy hearts in main things is but deep and steady, the more may the Church rejoice. Let life be various as universal, if universal it be in its derivation of the Holy Spirit, through the revealed God in Jesus Christ. Then to receive a man who talks or sings in a new manner, or discourses earnestly on certain specialties of religion felt by him more than by others, is not to receive a new divinity, false as old ones, into the circle of these accepted 'vanities,' but to receive a new saint into the company of those who, however various their faces may be, reflect

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alike the 'light of His countenance' who is the central object of trust and love. Wherever there is an over-care about the acceptance of certain standards understood to be orthodox, there the great practical interests of righteousness are likely to suffer. Not to do good, not to be true, kind, patient, and faithful, is required, but to be orthodox. If you are opinionative instead of convinced, you are likely to put opinion in the place, not of conviction only, but of goodness too. Orthodoxy is often a mere city of tombs, and its angry defenders the maniacs that dwell there, and who cry, We live among the tombs, why cannot you? and then they rush on us. But, oh ye poor possessed ones! let us cast out from you the legion spirits of wrath and clamour, and you will live quietly in that city of God, the Church, where Truths are 'houses not made with hands,' but spacious and strong, because heavenly. That temper of mind which so cavils at and suspects everything spoken freely of matters of spiritual faith, does great mischief by preventing a sweet and broad humanity from appearing in the substance

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and tone of our religious teaching. We may actually be charged with heretical perversions of the truth, because we have a genuine interest of a wide sort in the natural satisfactions, occupations, hopes, and sorrows of man. Surely God cares for all things and days as well as for all creatures. He would have in us not a conceit about to-day's importance, but a hearty interest in to-day's concerns. Yet if a man does not keep himself close to the petty routine of pulpit usage, if he leaves the wearying and withering punctilio of orthodoxy, then he is 'unsound;' he is giving people other food than the simple bread of heaven. In escaping from official formalism he has wandered from God. To be in sympathy with what is human, is to be in remembrance, often very sorrowful remembrance, of what is grievous and wicked, but it is to be in sympathy too with what awakens enterprise, educates affection, gratifies curiosity, and entertains and refreshes all the man. If any one is talking eloquent talk about liberty and pleasure, forgetting the malady which both mars with its pain and corrupts with its spreading unhealthi-

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ness, we must rebuke him, and withdraw from his influence to a better. For wisdom looks to present need, and will not, to engage in mental sports, leave the heart's sorrow and craving sickness uncared for. But how can a wide and really sympathetic humanity do otherwise than make us earnestly affirm and exhibit those controlling and consolatory truths which make the chief part of an orthodoxy that is really worth caring for and defending? The earliest test of orthodoxy was the love of Christ, and no later will prove a better. If we love Christ we shall love men; if our humanity is broad and deep we shall love Christ the better, for such was his. Without freedom and sympathy of soul, our creed will inevitably come to live only in the superficial region of our nature. It will be, not the delight of our soul, but the shield of our respectability. It will be our mere 'dress of society.' We shall go out 'dressed' therein to the *soirées* and dinners of the 'religious world.' It will not be for the discovery of our true character, but for the hiding rather of what we are, by the obtrusive avowal of what we

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would be thought. Let him that thinketh he standeth, and that in the sacred enclosure of divine doctrine, take heed lest he hold the truth in its worldly power instead of its heavenly; for respectability rather than salvation; in complacency with it as his, rather than in the love of it as God's. Sloth, Fear, and Jealousy are three chief guardians of a spurious orthodoxy. Sloth hates the honest exertion for which personal conviction calls; Fear hates the questioning spirit which it is so hard to rule and which is certain to claim, and justly claim, somewhat the granting of which orthodoxy feels as loss; and Jealousy hates the display of moral and intellectual powers which challenge respect, win what they challenge, and put to shame those who boast more, but own less. That man is the best conservative of the faith who is conservative of His love in whom the faith has its origin, and who seeks by 'faith' those ends, namely, the restoration of human beings to righteousness and happiness, and their establishment therein, at which He aims. Christ, as a Person, gives at once clearness and fulness to

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our Christianity. 'Principal things about a *Person*,' I have said in the 'Letters to the Scattered,' 'are more simply and effectively spoken than about a doctrine expressed in terms of the intellect alone; while yet the subject is less exhaustible, and the discourse on it may be far more various. Indeed, a Divine Person is an inexhaustible subject. If Christ be such a Person, then He hath the pre-eminence; and if He hath not the pre-eminence, should He, can He, continue to have the prominence?' We are servants of Christ—students of wisdom. The service is simple as it is great; the field of study open as it is wide, and productive as it is open. I am continually teaching that the spirit of Christ is the spirit of character, and that if we live by Him, we live like Him. And here I may quote a few words from Mr. Porter's 'Lectures on Independency.' This gentleman is my brother-in-law; and Dr. Campbell speaks of us as the two 'Iconoclastic brothers.'* The peculiarity of Mr.

* "Mr. Porter is not only my relative, but my senior and honoured friend. Why, then, should I not have liberty to say that his recently published 'Lectures on the Ecclesiastical System of

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Porter's 'destructiveness,' the words I quote will indicate. Speaking of association in a church, and the conditions of membership, he says, 'For a confidence based chiefly, or to a large and perceptible extent, on avowed community in creed, I would substitute a confidence based on a man's apparent ruling tendencies, inclinations, and either incipient or ripened sympathies; confidence in personal character, on a general profession of faith in Christ, taking the place of confidence in statements of dogmas and accounts of spiritual experience. Each of these bases may include somewhat of the other; but they are sufficiently distinct to be popularly described as, The one, Manifest general character guaranteeing the soundness of a general Christian profession; and the other, Statements of things invisibly believed, and of experience invisibly felt, apparently so correct as to guarantee the general character' (pp. 260, 261).

the Independents' are distinguished by power and *Catholicity?* The reader, whether he agrees or differs, can scarce but be benefited by their perusal. The acknowledged orthodoxy, too, of Mr. Porter's creed gives all the more force to the words quoted above.

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Tried by the tests which thus best exhibit fitness for membership in a particular church, I think the Theological opponents of the 'Rivulet' and of the 'Fifteen' certainly show their unfitness for leadership in the Church general! They are the advocates of prescription and of slavery. Their 'incipient or ripened sympathies' are rather with literal creeds than the spiritual Christ. Those of the Fifteen who best knew me testified to a conscious union with me in common Christian sympathies. Yet this our opponents and their adherents counted as nothing, nay, as 'less than nothing and vanity.' 'But his doctrines; what of his doctrines?' they cried: as if Christian sympathy could be real and Christian doctrine wholly discrepant. Christian sympathy is a much better guarantee for unison in the tone of feeling about prime Christian truth, than an orthodoxy professed in common is for a union in works of love and righteousness. I retort upon my adversaries their own charge: they are *unsound.* The truth is not in their heart, or it would be in their eyes, and they would see proofs of a 'Christian trust,'

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such as can only come by a meditative and appropriative study of Christ. They must be deliteralized, and use their tongues less, and their hearts more, before there will be any 'soundness' in them. Their heart is not sound in God's *truthful* statutes; and till it becomes so, their minds will never see and teach 'sound doctrine' as to the truth. As long as 'orthodoxy' is a word whose chief use lies in its abuse, I will neither guarantee any one as orthodox, nor accept a guarantee myself. When I find a man quite wise, I will believe that it is possible to be quite orthodox. I firmly believe myself to be more orthodox than my accusers; and I highly value scientific theology, of which, except as a thing of 'words and names,' I believe them to be grossly ignorant. But I will not, oh reader, offer to you any creed whatever, as my *ultimatum*, or as what I recommend for yours. I have ever spoken out freely what I believe, being bold, because cautious. For when a man is pretty sure of what he has to say, he may be pretty free in his manner of saying it. Variety of expression is the neces-

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sary result of individual reflection on the common truth. Unity in chief things is best illustrated by the free activity of a *formative* opinion as to things secondary or as yet undetermined. I have much yet to say, but I must not now say more. Opportunities will arise for communicating with that portion of the public that is willing to hear me. I have often had to protest against things called Christian, but I have ever done so in the name of Christ. A 'worldly' protest against 'spiritual' evil is often necessary, but always insufficient. We must protest as Christ's disciples and soldiers, and in his name, against things and men that assume that name, but possess not his spirit. And now I respectfully commend to you the 'Rivulet' as what it is—a rivulet. I ask from you honour for the Fifteen. They are faithful men. I have not separately named Mr. Fleming, the diligent pastor; nor Mr. Harrison, who has proved that a man most amiable may be most steadfast; nor Mr. Vaughan, whose principles are as good as his Literature; nor Mr. Spence, in whom suavity and sense are

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alike conspicuous; nor Mr. Watson Smith, with his strong head and tender heart; nor Mr. Allon, who is zealous to serve and not afraid to suffer; nor Mr. White, with whom Falsehood does but enter the contest to leave it, as Ananias left the presence of St. Peter; and in thus naming them, I do but give a slight Index of their excellencies; the table of contents, not the contents. But to them, and to my faithful friends, Mr. Brown, Mr. Newman Hall, and Mr. Martin, as well as to Mr. Binney, and to the 'obscure' gentlemen who Mr. Grant fondly hopes came forth from their 'holes' for this occasion only, I feel convinced that the great cause of religion owes a debt which will not be unacknowledged. Demons shriek loudest when they are departing from their victims. Let us not think that vaunt, and calumny, and phariseeism are conquering, because they cry. They cry because they are overcome. The Editor 'Mounted'* must dismount. The 'religious world,' that odious compound, must yield to analytic spiritual

* One of the 'Songs Controversial.'

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forces; the religion made worldly must separate from the world made pharisaic. And then the Church, having Religion for its soul and the World for its many-membered body, will be known and honoured. Organizations must surrender at discretion unto Principles. Letter, which to Spirit is as flesh to the soul, must cease to be fleshly. The propositions of our creed must be as stone steps for advance, not as stone cells for imprisonment—cells in which the liege servants and the champions of great Liberty lie manacled like felons. Things old must be honoured only as they are honourable; the Bible being reverenced, but old clothes and the old serpent eschewed and abhorred. Things new must be accredited and welcomed, as they submit themselves to the court of just inquiry, and succeed in establishing their claim. Men who are secretly loved and honoured must be openly recognised. Truths must be accepted, because their souls may be read in their faces, not because they bear a letter of introduction in their hand from Churches established. Books must be valued not merely because they are

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distinctive of 'our' principles; but also, and yet more, because they bring into communion with us, by the sweet sympathies of religion, many who differ from us in things ecclesiastical and sectarian. No more must we put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter. No longer must every man be a briar, yet no man even a sweet briar. In the fragrant otto of roses, no more must we deny that the rose is present in essence, because it is absent in form. We must even learn to perceive the fragrance of Sharon's Rose in hymns that present us no full delineation of this Plant of Renown. Our love must be without worldly guile and softness; our hate saintly and not devilish. Christ must be more in our hearts than in our newspapers. And we must be ready to believe in the strong inward framework of Theology, without requiring that poor Religion should have its bones sticking through its skin in order to get credit for having bones at all. We must be as careful of entering a Controversy as of beginning a war; and as careful when once entered to do our work thoroughly, as we are not to have a war ended

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till a just peace is established. We must believe in ourselves because we believe in Emmanuel, God with us. To us the rod, though used, must still be the servant of the Cross, and we must conquer our foes by suffering them to crucify us, rather than by threatening them with crucifixion. He that dies for Christ lives by Him, yea, and with Him, for evermore. The Lord hasten these things in his time.

"'How long, O Lord, how long?'"

It is not uncommon to hear the "Rivulet" Controversy spoken of as something to be put out of sight and forgotten; but that is a mistake, for it bears several salutary lessons, and even some consolation. For consolation it may be said, that the outrage on Mr. Lynch rendered similar outrages from thenceforth impossible. His suffering was the means of widely enlarging the spiritual liberty of the Nonconformist ministry; and whilst such another panic has been made impossible, the circumstances yield clear and curious evidence of how panics are got up. First there are the ecclesiastical

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"roughs," who shriek "Heresy! heresy!" with neither the intelligence to discriminate heresy, nor the susceptibilities that heresy would offend. Then there are the lovers of scandal, who take up and propagate the cry, affecting sorrow whilst luxuriating in the opportunity. Then there is the multitude, which enjoys the excitement of alarm, and a larger multitude whose alarm deepens into serious fear; and as the tumult intensifies, there is no limit to the excesses the terrifiers and the terrified may commit. Even wise and thoughtful people get drawn into the vortex of the common insanity; and these, when the hubbub is over, are disgusted with themselves, and naturally desire oblivion. Such a panic was the "Rivulet" Controversy. As for Mr. Lynch, the last charge any reasonable creature would have preferred against him was that of heresy; but the charge once made begot suspicion and distrust that were never wholly dissipated. And to his frank and sympathetic nature—a nature, as the poet's ever is, "tremulous with sympathy"—such suspicion and distrust were very grievous. A

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rougher character might have encountered the notoriety thrust upon him with defiance and welcome; but to him it was not only cause for painful concern that the multitude should be so maddened and misguided, but that he should be regarded askance by some who might have been his friends had they known him aright. The mischief was, however, done, and for him there was only patient endurance.

At the same time let it not be supposed that Mr. Lynch was left to stand alone. His congregation, and those who had any real acquaintance with him, were wholly unaffected by the uproar. And from the outer world of Nonconformists came letters of sympathy and votes of confidence and encouragement, which proved abundantly that the voice of the mob was not the voice of the people. Then, too, the secular press was generally friendly, although the desire to point the moral, "See how these Christians, and especially these Dissenters, love one another!" was sometimes too obvious. But so it ever is. Christ's nominal adherents are His worst antagonists.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ILLNESS AND WITHDRAWAL FROM DUTY.

1856—1859.

A LARGE portion of his vacation in 1856 Mr. Lynch spent in Lincolnshire, preaching for a Baptist minister during his absence. But he was not allowed to rest in peace. Almost daily the postman brought some offensive paper. One day, with the *Delhi Gazette* in his hand, he could not help being amused for the moment that he, a man so peaceable, should have his name borne over the world as a word of strife.

Here too, however, in Lincolnshire "the common people heard him gladly." "Oh, sir," said a carpenter working at his bench, and with a

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countenance full of affection, "I am longing for Sunday to hear you again."

To one to whom he could "speak out of his heart," he often expressed astonishment that he should be thought to aim at peculiarity of phraseology. "In my young days," he would say, "when I heard doctrinal phrases from the pulpit which I did not understand, I used to think, if ever I preach, I shall always set forth my meaning in simple language. I never desired to be, what I am called, 'peculiar.'" The charge of peculiarity had, however, this justification—that he was peculiar in simplicity and naturalness. Of any sort of affectation he was incapable; and there never was a preacher who, in the pulpit and out of it, was so completely the same man. Then, too, he was no repeater of commonplaces, but spoke habitually from his own experience; and, as he remarked in the previous chapter, "Variety of expression is the necessary result of individual reflection on the common truth."

To an admirer of Swedenborg in Yorkshire he wrote—

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"KENTISH TOWN, *17th November*, 1856.

"I think Swedenborg would have most respect for those who value his writings, but refuse to join a sect called after his name. Swedenborgianism would make a new church impossible. The only new church I wish for is the old church reformed, and expanded according to the wisdom of our One Great Master. Swedenborg was a real Christian, as well as a wonderful man—a great contributor to the spiritual work of the modern age, but still a man of some real and great deficiencies.

"The 'Rivulet' has been the means of revealing the thoughts of many hearts—and very bad and gross thoughts some of them have proved. Oh, how blind and wicked are many who talk loudly of the Lord, yet neither know his word nor do his work!

"There is great need of spiritual reformation in our country, but those who are forward in the work must be ready to suffer. It is still true that without shedding of blood nothing effectual can be accomplished. The Saviour must be the Sufferer.

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"I am happy to find by letters that I receive that there are scattered up and down many who wait for the consolation of Israel—that consolation which can alone come through an effectual manifestation of the Truth. Some of these are prepared, we may hope, both to suffer and to support those who do. Regenerate orthodoxy is what we want. I think you will find it include all you value in Swedenborgianism, without, as you say, the crudities of the New Church writers."

In 1856 his friend, Dr. Samuel Brown, the philosophic chemist, died; and to his widow he wrote—

"TO MRS. SAMUEL BROWN.

"KENTISH TOWN, *23rd January*, 1857.

"I have received your letter, and it made me sad because I felt you must have expected to hear from me before. Very often have we thought of you, and I have been wanting to write to you. But knowing that you have many friends round you near enough for effec-

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tive daily sympathy, feeling (as always) how little the verbal consoler can do, and being somewhat unusually burdened with customary care, I have delayed writing till some day when, if a good word did not offer, a common one would not be pain and offence.

"The gentle ministry of time has been and is helping you—Time whose ministry is not to speak but to be with us in the sympathetic companionship of a holy silent Presence. You are rich, too, I know not how rich, in your children, a husband's best, though sometimes most anxious, legacy. So, with friends near you, children about you, tender memories of a *real* wedded life, soothing angel influences of Time, and faith in the chief and all-sufficient Friend, I may hope it is well with you. Accept from us, I beg you, the expression of a sympathy felt truly since we heard of your loss. Perhaps some day we may again see you here or in Edinburgh, and then we shall like to hear what you may feel able to tell of those shadows that did not end in night, but rather preceded the true Dayspring. The Spiritual World becomes

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more and ever yet more real to me. It is not far from any of us. We are known, watched and helped, as I believe, by many who have gone before. There is not a great gulf fixed between earth and heaven so that there can be no visitation for us of ministering spirits. There is a bridge at least passable by those to whom God gives his sacred passport, and we, if we cannot go over to the other side and return, have some prospect across and upwards, and, when we make the journey *from* earth, may hope to be met and conveyed by some who have unseen attended our journey *on* earth. . . .

"My wife sends her best regards to you, or, rather, I do, and she her love, for that is woman's word, and a true word it is. Our little son I do not think you will remember. He shows me how dear my friends' children must be to them; so with best wishes for yours,—I remain, yours most truly."

Here is a bit of his mind to an "orthodox correspondent," and such correspondents were by no means uncommon:—

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[*Undated.*]

"You write, 'If you are orthodox, as you say you are,' &c., &c., and then add, 'I am orthodox.' Now my one word is this,—Is there any reason why I should believe you to be orthodox on your word, which there is not for your believing me to be so on mine?

"Spare yourself the trouble of writing a reply, but please consider this.

"'Sound' as you may be in the faith, I am sure you are far too shrewd a man also not to know that when heterodoxy is the charge, honesty is the offence.

"If you would preach some day on these texts, 'He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey,' and 'Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but He shall appear to your joy and they shall be ashamed,' you would say many good things, and if you would preach in careful remembrance of your own past career, whilst you might warn the inexperienced, you would at least not condemn the innocent. You condole with me on my *supposed* ill-repute

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'with the churches of the living God,' so you write. I think you might much rather condole with me on the injury done me by those who have fallen into the snare of the living devil.

"I thank God I can stand alone; but I thank Him, too, that I have a hearty love of good company when I can get it, and that I count the grateful pleasure of indebtedness to friendship as one of the sweets of life."

Sustained at this trying time by the fidelity and increased affection of his congregation, his health nevertheless began to suffer from the incessant annoyances to which he was subjected. Eighteen hundred and fifty-eight was a sad year of neuralgic pain and great debility. He yielded to advice and tried change of air and scene more than once, but the fatigue of travelling counterbalanced any advantage, and he was glad to return home and resume work, wherein he persevered in a manner which, to those who knew his real state, appeared marvellous. After nights of severe suffering he would preach both morning and evening

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with amazing energy. Indeed, for some months his only respite from pain was when engaged in his public ministrations, so that it was sometimes playfully said, that he ought to live in the pulpit. But it was impossible for this state of things to last. On the 16th of January, 1859, he preached twice, as usual. Throughout the week his sufferings were very great, though he attended the Thursday service; but on the following Sunday morning he became so seriously ill that he could not rise, and a messenger was sent to Mr. Woodward (afterwards Queen's Librarian), who kindly undertook the services of the day for him. He was never seen in public again for a year, and then only to give a short address. His sudden disappearance from the pulpit was a sad trial to his congregation, the greater part of whom, seeing the vigour with which he had been preaching, had no idea of the past twelve months of pain and weakness. A physician having called to inquire for him, and witnessing the exhaustion to which he was reduced, lost no time in representing to the deacons that

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a long rest, with ease of mind, was absolutely necessary. The promptitude and earnest sympathy of this kind friend was quickly responded to, and a warm-hearted letter of condolence was sent to Mr. Lynch, to which he replied as follows—

"TO THE CONGREGATION AT GRAFTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

"*By Mr. Foster and others.*

"LONDON, *February* 11, 1859.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I thank you much for the kindness with which, without waiting for a communication from me, you have urged me to take a lengthened rest. Quit work for a time I must; no choice is allowed me. But I feel happily free to doubt whether I need do so for so long a period as twelve months. If I ought, I will; but I hope a shorter time will suffice.

"It is quite as much to my own surprise as it can be to yours, that I have been suddenly compelled to relinquish preaching. I have not been accustomed to disappoint you; and, during nearly ten years' ministry in London, have been,

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until now, absent from the pulpit through illness one Sunday only. Last year indeed, finding my strength failing, you were good enough to extend my autumn holiday, and I was away from you nine Sundays, instead of five or six. But previous to this, even as to holidays, I had been temperate almost to abstinence. For my ability thus to persevere I feel very thankful. And if any one says, 'You have sometimes kept on when you should have left off,' I confess that I have. But whilst I am thanking God for my work itself, I am sure you will not wish to throw a stone at me for the blemishes of that work. I admit that I have never been able to detect perfection in myself, even on the closest scrutiny!

"My own experience, as well as my observation of others, has taught me that folly grows in all soils, the poor ones and the rich. In the garden of the Lord you may often find an ugly bit of Pride growing near a fine plant of Thankfulness; so near, indeed, as to be almost hidden by the leaves. And the spiritual husbandman frequently meets with a Tare called Self-will, remarkably like the wheat of Godly Zeal, yet

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having very different and, indeed, intoxicating properties. My physical qualifications for the ministry have never been admired. My body is what my friends call a 'fragile form,' and my enemies, expressing themselves more clearly, 'a gaunt, hungry-looking figure.' Surely then I may avow myself grateful, even at the risk of being taxed with a little pride, for a perseverance which has given proof of the sustaining power that religious convictions afford. My medical friends, though peremptory about rest, speak very hopefully as to my regaining strength. I am rather worn than sick, weakened in nerves than in mind. It is from simple exhaustion that I suffer—an exhaustion that has suddenly, though not without warnings, fallen on my heart. That organ sinks and flutters, and plainly tells me that unless I rest it must cease to serve me. Shadows, as of death, have in these late weeks often come upon me, giving solemn admonition of that hour which, to the senses, is the Gate of Darkness, but to Faith the Gate of Day. I would not live alway, but I would be spared a little before I go hence. I

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wish to learn more wisdom, and to do more service here: to amend my faults, revise and advance my work, and manifest yet more fully, if God permit, the integrity with which my conscience bears me witness, I have 'served in the Gospel.' It is a great comfort to me now, to feel that, if I am permitted to resume my work among you, it will be to our mutual and equal pleasure. I know that even a few months, and much more the full round of twelve, must bring unexpected changes. I may never meet you again as I have met you. But of those who now part from me with such true expressions of esteem, I may hope that even the majority will be both able and glad to welcome my return. But it is to *you* I hope to return, not to the building in Grafton Street. In that church, at least in its present form, I have no wish to preach again. The thought of it is in no sense fragrant to me. But between the congregation and myself the union is most cordial. Amid the accusations which foolish men have brought against me as a religious teacher, and into the truth of which many better men have been too

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indifferent or timid to inquire, you have stood with me unperverted. Mutual fidelity has its reward in mutual confidence. Heaven blesses it secretly here, openly hereafter; sometimes in the open view of men, even here. In all essential qualifications for the ministry, I rather hope for increase than fear diminution. God may greatly bless this fallow time to the enrichment of the soil for future harvests. If a new morrow be given us, let us hope to do a better day's work than we did yesterday. We are as sure of troubles in this world as of waves on the sea. But while the waves toss, we travel. I have nothing to recant, but much to perfect. I have preached the gospel of God in Christ faithfully, however imperfectly; never changing the basis, but still seeking to build up more and more firmly a structure of Truths and of Souls upon that one great foundation.

"I commend you to Him who is Himself the Word of Life, and who will minister by His Spirit the consoling and strengthening power of His own words to all who walk in truth. The discretion, unanimity, and kindness, you have

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recently shown, are as comfortable to me as they are commendable in you. In all things good, may you continue and abound.

"I am, most truly yours,

"THOMAS T. LYNCH."

It was thought advisable to give up the chapel in Grafton Street, with the hope that, should another be required, means would be found to procure one more suitable.

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CHAPTER IX.

A DREARY VACATION.

1859—1860.

THE leading members of the congregation met monthly for business and conversation, a letter from Mr. Lynch being an additional attraction. He wrote—

"*4th April*, 1859.

"When I heard of the monthly meetings, I was at Bournemouth, a quiet place by the sea. There I sat often watching the long line of the tidal wave break with soft thunder into the whitest of foam, and letting the mingled peace of the sky and power of the sea transfuse themselves into my body and soul. The 'saving health' of God as it operates upon us in nature,

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and in Scripture, is an essence: it is impalpable, invisible; gentle, but mighty to save. It is in the presence of what is palpable, of the objects and scenes of nature, the narratives and truths of Scripture, that we feel the working of this essential life. But the Life is more than what we see or what we read. There is a blessing which the waves bear in upon the soul as they break upon the shore; and a blessing with which the words of Scripture fill our heart as the sound of them fills our ear. . . I am much better, *so* much as to make me anticipate with grateful hope, though too with occasional impatience, the speedy renewal of my service among you. I have not forgotten the proverb I learnt as a schoolboy, 'Hasten slowly.' It is so only that we can hasten safely, whether to be healthy, or happy, or wise, or rich. But, says Paul, I *press* forward; and when he exhorts us to persevere, it is to *run* with perseverance. There are some things which if they be hurried will never be done; and some which begun promptly and prosecuted with steady zeal, are done well because they are done quickly.

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"I hope to be as well as ever I expect to be in this world, much within the year you have allowed me; but will try to hasten without hurrying.

"You who have long been building a church in the air, must now get one erected on the ground. You should all of you use all diligence. You will work well if you work promptly. Large things, as well as little, may be done in a lingering, provoking way, or done much more briefly, and quite as well or better. If you put an egg in hot water, and place the vessel on the table, the egg is ready for eating in about ten minutes; but if you put the vessel on the fire you may have your breakfast in three minutes and a half. Use a little salutary ardour in the treatment of your egg, that is, of your project for a new church, and our social desires and necessities may then be speedily satisfied."

Next month he was too unwell to write much—

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"HOLLOWAY, *2nd May*, 1859.

"I have been ill again, indeed, very sadly so. But this means—more Patience: not, I trust, less Hope. It will be help and medicine to me to hear that you have had a good meeting. And a good meeting means not a friendly one only, but a prayerful one also. It is a time for warm-hearted, trustful prayer; prayer for me, that life and wisdom may be given me; prayer for all of us, that we may not go back, not fail and be discouraged, but persevere to the end."

The summer passed with many alternations, and in autumn he addressed his friends—

"*5th September*, 1859.

"I am glad to be able again to write to you. I have lately returned to London after an absence of nearly three months, and am thankful to say that I feel very much better. But I shall, nevertheless, write briefly lest I say too much. Experience has warned me not to be sanguine. I seem to have passed through a crisis, and to be making steady progress

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towards working strength. May it be so. Then at your next meeting, I may be able to speak confidently of my re-appearance in public.

"Painful as well as pleasant changes must have occurred among you since my absence. Yet I hope that we may have a mutual greeting; not in despondency, but in cheerfulness and thankfulness. Is it premature to consider where we are to re-assemble? It cannot now be long before it will be made evident whether our connection is to continue or to cease. If to continue, as we hope, then faith and common-sense unite in bidding us get some kind of outward House of brick or boards, in which to lodge the spiritual Household.

"The Gospel forbids anxiety for the morrow, but not preparation for it. Bees may perish for want of a hive. Men often do no better."

He ventured to meet his friends in November, but in such weakness that he could say very little. Next month he wrote to them—

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5th December, 1859.

"Please wait yet a few weeks longer for a decisive communication from me, and accept my thanks for your continued and affectionate remembrance of me. I think of you with the hope that you may ever continue the 'preserved in Jesus Christ.' And however happy I should be in the re-establishment of the old relation that subsisted between us, I would far rather that you should form new associations than that your piety should suffer. . . . . .

"I am but a 'prisoner of the Lord,' longing for freedom, sometimes even pining for it. But many good works have been written in prison or planned there. Paul and Silas sang praises in prison before they knew the door would be opened, and that their brief trouble would so greatly serve the cause they had at heart."

Nominally a year of rest, 1859 was perhaps the weariest he ever spent. He took several short journeys, and visited a few "long-tried and trusted friends;" but it was tantalising to be surrounded by the beauties of the country

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and be neither able to walk or ride without peril; and still more to be under the roof of those he loved, and often for many days to remain in close seclusion. However, before the close of the year, he began to gain some strength, and with the new year awoke a strong desire to meet his people.

On the evening of 16th January, 1860, they assembled gladly to hear him read a short sermon—he could not venture to speak without notes—and as preface thereto, he read the following familiar address—

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is a year yesterday since I last addressed you on a Sunday. In the morning I spoke of the Beloved Disciple, in the evening of the Comparisons by which Christ illustrated the nature of His Kingdom. On the 6th of February you wrote me a kind letter, asking me to take a year's rest. I have done so, and during that period you have continued your usual subscriptions towards my support. This is a very natural and serviceable testimonial of your esteem. When a horse is

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wounded or worn out, he is shot, that is *his* testimonial; or in some few happy cases, sent to grass and told to live as long as he can and then die peaceably. We cannot shoot our old or broken-down ministers, that would not be proper! We cannot provide them with perpetual grass, that would not be possible. We must take an intermediate course, provide grass for a year, and then dismiss them into the wilderness with a benediction. Into the wilderness with such a benediction perhaps I must now go forth. For I cannot at once resume work, I cannot ask you to wait longer, and I decline to be further burdensome to those on whom the demands of life are already heavy enough.

"I have written to you almost monthly since my retirement began. As you have held monthly meetings and wished me to do so, I fell into the snare. A snare it was. I deceived both myself and you with illusive hopes. If I had the little letters in a pile they would make me turn almost as red as the flames into which I should throw them.

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"I have not got back strength, though I have made large apparent advances towards it, and I must not resume work till I have some confidence that I shall not fall down whilst speaking, or faint away when I get home.

"I love the work of the ministry, but not the warfare; but have not been permitted to take the one and leave the other; and wounds and weariness together have, to speak in a figure painfully like the fact, loosened and broken my heart-strings.

"It seems to me quite within hope that I may be able to preach again once in the day about May or April. But I dare not promise confidently. Consider therefore what you will do. I resign; that is, offer my resignation.

"Already I may say of you one is gone into the country, another to the better country, a third removed to a distant part of town, a fourth likely to leave town, a fifth has found new wine and desireth no more the old, for he saith the new is better, and so on. None of you have discovered a place in which to meet instead of the old church at Grafton Street.

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"If I live and get strong I shall certainly preach again, if only in my own hired house—and then those who like can gather round me even if you now disperse. If I die or am permanently disabled, it is a satisfaction to think that few, if any of you, are likely to support what is feeble and bad.

"Perhaps you will find most freedom in accepting my resignation. At any rate, every one of you should feel free enough, whatever the rest do, to withdraw. And if such person will send me an intimation of withdrawal, I shall feel obliged.

"It is so long since you heard a little sermon from me, that I have selected notes of one preached on January 24, 1858, and will now ask your attention for a quarter of an hour while I read them. The topic is one which I feel suitable to the time. I have many such another remembrance of sermons, and am thinking of selecting twenty-five and printing them as they are, without expansion. I wonder whether you would like them. After reading this I shall leave soon. But if our relationship is this night

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dissolved, I shall hope to take some public farewell written or otherwise of you, and also a personal, more private farewell, as far as I can.

"I don't want to go into the wilderness. But if I must, I have been there before, and perhaps an angel may meet me, bearing a pitcher of water, and I may find manna on the ground. Events often disappoint our natural expectation, but they quite as often disappoint our unbelieving fears.

"'God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed;
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.

"'His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before his time,
And never is behind.'"

It was too evident, from the manner in which he conducted this short service, how far he was from complete recovery. He received another kind letter from his congregation, expressing their eager desire that he should still retain the pastorate of the church, and suggesting that "for another six months, or, if need be, for

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another year," he should seek that rest and quiet in the country which his physicians considered needful.

But he made yet another trial of his strength, and preached four Sundays in a room in Gower Street in April and May.

He was likewise able to resume his pen, and in November brought out a "Theological Tract, Among Transgressors." In the preface he says, "I should have much preferred including this Essay with others that are partly in readiness to follow, 'if God permit,' in one volume. But the uncertain and sometimes apparently perilous state of my health warns me to do this thing now, and the rest afterwards if I can. When the day may be short, the workman should be prompt. I may add that the Tract was prepared for the press in June last, while I was enjoying, in the house of a friend at Reigate, hospitable shelter from the dull rigours of the late rainy summer, and from the sad buffeting thoughts which beset a man in a dark time of infirmity."

The summer of 1860 was indeed a rainy season. From Reigate he wrote—

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"*12th June*, 1860.

"We have been here nearly a fortnight, and have nothing to complain of but rain, incessant rain. I can scarcely venture to hope for a few fine days before our return."

After leaving Reigate, he spent seven weeks in North Wales, with what result appears in the following letter—

"UPPER BANGOR, *10th August*, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Five weeks ago you made me three penny presents—the G. N., N. W., and G. W. Time-tables—by which Guides I have been led away, and perhaps astray, into a very wet part of the world indeed. We lodge on the slope of a hill, at the top of which is a dissenting chapel, and at the bottom a cathedral—a very proper arrangement—and we of course are near the top.

"We have seen a great many clouds, and have looked in the direction in which, so they say, Snowdon is; but all we have actually seen of this don is a picture of his top or crown, with

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several donkeys of more sorts than one, standing round a ginger-beer shop, which is perched there; and these are the jewels of his crown, to which this season we, I think, shall not be added.

"Our minor entertainments consist of looking out of window at the rain, reading the *Morning Star*—no other stars are ever seen now—stroking the cat, making it mew Welsh, or teaching it to look through the microscope: our principal diversion, when we can get it, consists of walking up hill and down again, armed with camp-stools and umbrellas and a little tin box of refreshments.

"We go to bed early and get up late, and eat the bread of idleness, the chief use of which is to give one an appetite for bread of a better kind. . . . . .

"Our first short flight from London was to Oxford; thence we advanced to Chester; then on to Bangor, next to Beaumaris, then to Bangor again. Here we have been weather-bound; for, though tempted to come home, I have hitherto resisted, and a move to Conway, which we contemplated, would be folly till fine days come.

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In five weeks we have had one bright day. This morning we have what I hope is the grand climacteric of wet and wind; and this very morning our week is up, so we have delighted our landlady by saying we can't go yet. She declares it shall be her study to make us comfortable—a 'study' to which I give every encouragement. In token of her proficiency, she has just brought us a fat duck, with a sprig of sage in each claw, price 1*s.* 9*d.*! This delightful animal is for to-morrow's dinner: the sight of it and of the rain makes me wish to-day was fairly over and gone. If you consider that this letter is nonsense, please consider too that (wonderful to say) I find nonsense easier writing than sense just now. It is less tiring to write, and perhaps less tiresome to read. I do not send you a dissertation about myself. I am making a *grand effort* to get all right. Getting well is like jumping over a river: if you are only three parts over, you might as well have not jumped at all."

Partly through the weather, and still more

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from inability to take the shortest excursion without great suffering, he longed to return home. His mind had recovered in some measure its former vigour, but his walking days were for ever over.

"14, York Place, Kentish Town,
29th August, 1860.

"We are at home again. . . . . My battered vessel, after a wearisome cruise under gloomy skies, is in harbour once more. More disconsolate weather poor travellers could not have. We made only one considerable excursion into the mountain wilderness. Black shaggy clouds and drifting rain shut out the prospect, and shut us in under the hood of the chaise, or the roof of the hotel; and for this attempt I paid with a gastric attack which kept me in bed some days. . . . . .

"We heard some curious sermons on our travels, as you may suppose. At one place, a cathedral, the divine, who preached on the Fall, said it was woman's duty to resist the devil, and man's to resist his wife. The adoption of

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this view would relieve us of some important responsibilities.

"I made several pleasant acquaintances among parsons."

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CHAPTER X.

RESUMPTION OF DUTY.

1860—1862.

WITH his measure of recovered strength, Mr. Lynch ventured to resume his ministry, and a room was taken in Gower Street, nearly opposite University College. At the same time he issued the following Address—

"TO THE MEMBERS OF MY FORMER CONGREGATION.

"14, YORK PLACE, KENTISH TOWN,
"*September 24th*, 1860.

"MY FRIENDS,—In resuming my work as Minister I am only able, at present, to preach once on the Sunday. And this I do after a

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silence, four Sundays excepted, of more than a year and a half.

"I knew that I should never meet again all those from whom I parted in January, 1859.

"Some who were then with us have died: some have removed from our neighbourhood: some have formed new associations.

"All who, during my long absence and weakness, have remembered me in a way honourable to themselves, I thank.

"But I must say plainly, that I expect no one to return merely because I resume. Let all use their freedom and accept my goodwill. I am content to make a new beginning; and, with the help of the old friends that I retain, shall try to make new ones.

"And I wish none of you to find your morning attendance on my ministry a pecuniary burden. You will have to provide for the evening elsewhere. Let all feel free, then, to lessen their subscriptions or to contribute to the weekly offering only.

"Again I open my mouth: may God fill it with wisdom. If again you give me your ear,

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may that wisdom, entering, nourish in you the manhood which is Christ's image.

"The Truth of the Gospel is like an eye, beautiful to look at as well as necessary to see with. It is beautiful because tender goodness shines through clear thought. In each of us the Truth becomes such an eye. By its means we show our heart and we choose our way.

"The object of the Ministry is to bring men to God and to unite them to Him. Our Christian faith is born when we see in one first gleam, that God in Christ rescues us from our sins at the cost of his own sufferings, and will make us good because He is good and his mercy endureth for ever. Love without faith is a mourner or a maniac: faith without love, a devil: but faith that works and grows by an indwelling love is at once a humble penitent and a happy disciple.

"I am, yours truly,

"T. T. LYNCH."

The first sermons delivered in Gower Street were reported, and issued in numbers, and

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subsequently collected and published as a volume in 1861, under the title of "Three Months' Ministry."

To a brother minister in retirement and affliction he wrote—

"14, YORK PLACE, KENTISH TOWN,
"*5th December*, 1860.

"I have sought, as I have been able, to learn how you were going on. The accounts I get are not very complete: but this is clear, that you are living a very suffering life.

"Will you accept a word—I dare not say of consolation—but of sincere sympathy from a very friendly acquaintance, if no more?

"I do not ask you to tell me how you really are, for I dare say the pen is now a disused implement. But, believe me, any good news, whether of pain relieved, and hope of recovery arising, or of fortitude shown in endurance and willingness to depart if that be God's will, would be welcome.

"I was so long out of the world of action,

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and the world of news and rumours, that I did not hear of your relinquishing your ministry till many months after you had done so. And now perhaps I should not venture to write these few lines, had I not learnt so well what it is to wish for a kind word; and of what value such a word, however simple, is when it comes.

"You sent me a few sermons just as I was falling ill; they were very good, and showed that you had put both a true heart and a careful mind into your pulpit business. Accept now my thanks for them. If you are not able again to preach Christ's doctrine, you will surely live to enjoy His promise: 'this is the promise that He hath promised us—Eternal Life.' . . . "

And to a daughter on the death of her mother—

"KENTISH TOWN, *3rd April*, 1861.

"I have a note this morning informing us of your great though not unexpected loss. It was indeed a satisfaction that you had returned in time for the closing scene. That scene will

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dwell long on the memories of those who were present, but not long mournfully. To all the end must come: to your mother it has come gradually, gently. No 'strange thing has happened.' She has not gone into obscurity, though withdrawn from view. In a light as yet inaccessible to us we believe she is now living. Not many years can elapse before she is rejoined by her faithful partner: and we are quite sure that she is willing for him to stay here as long as God pleases, and it is best for his family. Meanwhile his own grief for this loss, sobered by his own age and Christian resignation, will be consoled by the familiar and certain hopes of the Gospel, and alleviated by many affectionate recollections of his deceased companion.

"As for yourselves, the children, you are to be congratulated. The journey of life, always wearisome and anxious, however honourable and prosperous it may be, has in your dear mother's case been happily ended. The quiet victory has been gained. 'Finis' has been put to a story worth pondering: and survivors as

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they read it will do so with more thankfulness than sorrow, and with no apprehension of what may come next, or come before the end, such as we are sure to feel as we think over the story of an unfinished life. And such apprehensions, which perhaps we have been too ready to entertain in our own cases, are happily lessened when we consider the peaceful departure of one whom we have greatly loved: if it has ended well with the mother, why may it not end well with the children? Let them only hear the voice that cries 'Whose faith follow!' and they shall find that whatever difficulties the path may present, the end will be safely reached."

To a friend who had sent him a copy of *Barker's Review*, he observed—

"*23rd January*, 1862.

"'There is no evidence,' says Mr. Barker, 'of the divine authority of the Bible,' in this week's *Review*. Hm! what is meant by 'divine authority of the Bible'?

"If a candle wants snuffing, may there not be

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proof enough nevertheless—which *itself affords* —that it is a light?

"The 'doctrine of the divine authority of the Bible' is simply a candle that wants snuffing. Snuff it aright, and you do but brighten it, as I hope Mr. Barker may yet find. Snuff it amiss and you extinguish it—for yourself—and find in the dark that a feeble light was better than none."

Here is an observation on a weak conscience—

"*26th February*, 1862.

"A weak conscience is like a weak stomach; it can only swallow one or two things, whereas it might have 'all things richly to enjoy;' and even those one or two it enjoys—if at all—tremblingly."

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CHAPTER XI.

MORNINGTON CHURCH.

1862—1867.

AS soon as it appeared probable that Mr. Lynch would be able to preach continuously, it was resolved to provide a permanent place of worship; and after wide inquiry a site was obtained near Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road, over the tunnel of the London and North-Western Railway, and an iron chapel erected at a cost of upwards of £1,500. The site prescribed the character of the structure, and no efforts were spared to make it as neat and commodious as possible. It was "dedicated to the Worship of God and the Preaching of His Word," on Friday evening, 21st March, 1862.

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But he soon experienced a severe disappointment in finding that he could only conduct one service a day. After several efforts to preach on Sunday evenings, he was compelled to desist, the attempt being always followed by alarming results. His congregation were perfectly satisfied with the morning service, which he conducted for upwards of nine years with scarcely an interruption, beyond the usual vacation of a month or six weeks in autumn; but it was difficult to argue with him on the subject. His heart was set upon preaching morning and evening, and it seemed as if he could not reconcile himself to the privation. "You may be satisfied, but I am not," was his observation when a friend pleaded that "service once a day was enough for anybody."

THE VISIONARY CROSS.

"*18th April*, 1863.

"The heart may be carnal even in its thoughts of a cross. It may see a visionary one on which it would suffer grandly, observed and honoured of all. The cross God offers us may be of the

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commonest wood, and erected in a solitary place. We must suffer in the darkness if we would be glorified in the light."

LOSS OF THE SOUL—SPIRITUALISM—BEHMEN AND WILLIAM LAW.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET, *April*, 1865.

"First as to the partial losing of the soul. We speak of a man's nearly losing his life, and know that on recovery he may live to more purpose than ever before. We say 'he has lost heart,' or 'lost hope,' or 'lost energy.' And sometimes, in a plain emphatic way, speaking of a man who has acted very foolishly, we say, 'Such a one has quite lost himself.' Nothing in fact is more common than the partial loss of those affections and those powers which make life precious. Surely it is very clear that each of us may be becoming more of a man or less of a man as the days go on. He that is becoming less of a man in the Christian sense of manhood, is he not losing his zeal, losing his confidence in God, losing his disinterested love for what is

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right and worthy? He is, in familiar phrase, losing his soul.

"And sometimes having nearly lost his spiritual life, such a man becomes very wretched, and recovers, not just because he chooses to recover, but because he takes the Divine medicine and pays grateful heed to what the Divine Physician says. After recovery, may not this lost man—this dead man—live to more purpose than ever before? And thus, through the partial loss of his soul, he may be led to seek earnestly and to win salvation.

"But say that a man dies at a time of spiritual decline and decay. What then? Why then he dies in the disregard of his Saviour's plainest precepts. He was told to watch and he has not watched, to be ready and he is not ready. And it cannot be so thoroughly well with him as it otherwise would have been. But there may be spiritual distress because of apparent spiritual decay, when in truth the distress is a sign of spiritual advancement. God only can tell how it inmostly is with a man. But if inmostly he is poor in faith, if his

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soul be only as a very feeble light, how can he shine brightly in heaven? how can he receive the gift of much power from the God whom he has so little trusted? He has not as much soul, that is to say as much life, that is to say again, a life as amply, holily, healthily developed as he should have had. We should not speak of him as half lost, but he certainly may have lost half, whether for a while or for ever, of what he might have attained.

"The letter you send me is the most interesting you have had from Mr. ——, I think. He is quite right in distrusting unspiritual spirits, and unspiritual spiritists; and you are quite right in affirming that the outward things of spiritualism have a real use. They deserve neither the rejection of derisive savans, nor of frightened religionists, nor again of such men as Mr. ——. He who would walk in the middle must start from the middle—that is to say, it is from the soul's centre, living faith in God, we must proceed on any new path of investigation, turning neither to the right hand in presumption nor to the left in distrustful fear. If Mr. ——

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is in spirit such a Christian as Behmen and Law, he knows this. But he that, starting from the centre, investigates spiritism without presumption and without fear, will not find himself, I think, unrewarded.

"Behmen's principles I will expound to you, if you need and wish such exposition; but not by pen and ink. I agree with the Apostle John that pen and ink are provokingly insufficient 'mediums.' Mr. Law was an able and admirable man. What a friend he would have been of mine, if I may be excused for saying so. Southey truly called him a 'powerful writer.' He is sometimes clear even to brilliance, always pious, usually pungent, in controversy acute and even scathing, and in theologic largeness of heart surely the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century. I love him. I had a tract of his in my hands the other day, which I have been looking for, but unhappily it had been already sold to some one else. His complete works are now rarely to be had. I should doubt whether this 9 vol. edition contains quite all, but it must contain most of them. . . . . .

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"P.S. As I have spoken effervescently of the Good William Law, I suppose I ought to put a little ice into the champagne. There are 'buts.' . . . . He is sometimes wrong where he is strong—is impracticably practical, and perhaps too confidently Behmenish!" . . . . .

SENSE OF WEARINESS.

"*27th January*, 1866.

"Do you ever feel intensely weary? I too seldom now feel otherwise. I wish you could instruct me how to acquire Mr. Harris's 'second breathing.' That is the breath, I am told, of an unweary-able life!"

ON THE DEATH OF A FATHER.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET, *14th April*, 1866.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——, I am very glad to have from you so satisfactory an account of the last hours of your venerable father. He died as it was well he should die, peacefully. His gentle spirit passed gently away. When I first saw him he was busy with his ledgers in his counting-house. A man busy with his Bible at home is always

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the better and not the worse for being busy with his ledgers elsewhere.

"Your father managed to get a hold on this world without losing his hold on the other; but he made this world to the next as an understep to an upper, resting the left foot on the lower step that he might raise the right to the step above.

"His little mansion at S—— Road, with its little garden, was to him I dare say as Heaven begun below. There he had his evening's repose to fit him for the long new day on which he has now entered. I should think he must have been one of the oldest citizens of N——, as well as one of the best; not quite as old as the Cathedral, yet none the less truly a Temple, and one that, when the grey stone building moulders, will stand in more than its original beauty and sanctity.

"I believe you have all of you been 'good children,' but now you must hear the fatherly apostolic voice that speaks to you from heaven as to children, and would lead you from Good through Better, even as far as Best.

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"You are enviable people to have kept both father and mother so long. Well, long life to you all, and many pleasant, if sometimes pensive, memories of the departed. We must all go when our time comes; and when it does, may our work shame us as little as your father's does him."

ADVICE TO A MINISTER ON HIS ELECTION.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET, *14th May*, 1866.

". . . . . A minority even of —— is not desirable, and if you can think of them and treat them as people likely to become friends, so much the better. Absolute unanimity in such cases is seldom found, perhaps never, except where it ought not to be. The character of a minority is, however, of much more importance than its number. It may be advisable to address a short letter—courteous and hopeful—to the minority, along with your letter of acceptance, should you, after consideration and further inquiry, decide on going."

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ABOUT A SERMON.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET, *25th June*, 1866.

"The subject yesterday was Piety—what it is and what its worth, how to be shown, how cherished. But though I laid a careful foundation, the tower was but an unfinished one, with no roof over it but Heaven—a good roof, however."

VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET, *13th September*, 1866.

. . . . . "We have been in Scotland, and came back last week. Our head-quarters have been at Binns, by Linlithgow, a large old house in a large old park, which our friends Mr. and Mrs. —— occupy for the season, and where we have been very hospitably and pleasantly entertained.

"But Scotland is a rainy country. Three times we have visited it, and each time had more foul weather than fine. All our visits too have been in August, and though no doubt it is a blissful thing to eat August grouse, yet we prefer fine weather even to fine eating!"

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PRESBYTERIAN FREEDOM.

"*1st October*, 1866.

"We were at Glasgow for a few days while in Scotland. The Presbyterian mind there is sadly troubled just now about Mr. Smith, who *won't* believe that a Jew is just as good as a Christian, if not better, or something of that sort. He has said something about the moral law which is considered very immoral. So they have got him on the rack, that is to say on the 'Confession,' to make him squeak or shriek the orthodoxy that he cannot manage plainly to speak. The authorities are 'agreed already' in their judgment—That if he won't eat his own words, he shall not eat anything else—if they can help it. Such is the freedom wherewith the Free Church at present makes free with its clergy."

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET, *15th December*, 1866.

. . . . . "You will long and sorely miss your little darling. Such afflictions are sharp indeed. And though we are entirely sure that

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the child has found a new happy home, and very tender friends, yet the pain of grief is as peremptory as hunger itself. It *is* a hunger of the heart, which cannot accommodate itself at once to a change of food. Its pleasant meat seems, indeed, wholly taken away, but it will learn to feed after a while on memories and hopes, and a love for the absent growing ever purer and more tranquil; all of which will have an even divine sweetness.

"It seems a very far country to which those who depart are taken. But it is not so. There must, too, be children in heaven, else how could it be a happy world?

"But how many a mother may naturally say, Why take *my* child, my bright, merry child; surely *earth* needs such children more than heaven can; why not take the feeble, the crippled, for whom this world offers so little?

"The mother's own kind, sagacious heart, can partly answer her question. But when pious reasoning has done its best, the head must bow, the heart acquiesce, as the mouth says, 'Thy will, my Father, be done!'"

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A LETTER IN WINTER.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET, *5th January*, 1867.

"DEAR SIR,—No doubt you are at this moment perambulating ———, defying winter with a feeling of conscious superiority. I am by the fireside, whence I step away now and then to see how the thermometer goes on in my garden. A quarter of an hour ago, it was at 17 deg. above zero—three or four deg. warmer than yesterday at the same time. I am congealed. The very ink ought to be ice. I wish it was. Then I couldn't write several letters which I am afraid I must. Perhaps I might have conscience and friendship enough just to thaw a drop or two for writing a note to you. I hope I should, for I was very glad to hear from you. But you see I have taken the smallest sheet of paper I could find. So, though I am doing my duty, it seems that I don't mean to do any more of it than I can help . . . . . I have just lifted up my eyes to refresh myself by looking out of window, after getting thus far. I behold a black cat sitting on the white snow, like a bad thought that has intruded itself into an innocent

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heart. Please understand that my heart is quite innocent of all bad thoughts towards you; and is so far conscious of good ones, that if you were here (so saith my heart) you should have half the fire (more if necessary) and a glass of mulled wine. So, as to that query you put about decorating me with the title 'friend,' please believe me to be the Thing; and as to the name, you can use it sparingly, as I do—perhaps rather to excess—or lavishly, as is the manner of some not unpious yet not deeply sincere folk, or just naturally, if it be natural and pleasant to you to salute thus those whom you would have consider themselves honoured with a place among your 'elect.'

"I wish you a happy new year, no more troubles than necessary, more success than even anticipated, solace from old friendships, support from new ones, reasonable deacons; an attentive, edified, enlarging congregation; health; prospect or acquisition of a suitable wife; a calming, consolidating, elevating sense of the reality of Spiritual Truths to mingle with and alleviate that sorrowful dissatisfaction with self,

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and dubitation about many things, from which I do not expect you will find yourself free either this year, or (altogether) in this world. What more shall I wish? That you may read good books with a good understanding (I have not at present read either of the books you name), preach sermons, if with more ease, not with less power; draw water, without disliking your work even when the well is deepest, from each and every, or at least from *many*, and ever from the *chiefest* of the wells of salvation that abound in the Bible; also that you may arrange skilfully supply-pipes for distributing the said water to your people; and that the water may never freeze in the pipes. What more? Why I will wish you may always be content with Manna without caring too much for Quails, may not despise Manna when you get, by favour of this world, and permission of heaven, a fine fat Quail, or a few such; and may never fail to find, nor to gather when you find, a good supply of Manna every morning, and a double supply on Sunday morning, lawfully gatherable, according to our new economy, on that day, as a work

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hallowing the day. Perhaps you would prefer to have your double portion on the Saturday, and to find it multiplying on the Sunday, after the divine manner of the loaves and fishes? Be it so then.

"I might as well have taken a bigger sheet of paper."

TO A CLERGYMAN IN NEW YORK.

"31*st January*, 1867.

". . . . . To this hour I feel amazed at the credit given to such enormous falsehoods as that my hymns 'might have been written by a man who had never seen a Bible, and never heard more than a few words and a few names which might have been uttered in a moment of time.' But, for one person who had seen the hymns, at least scores had heard or read such statements as these about them. With what results to myself? What results when a man of strong constitution is compelled to take a large dose of arsenic? Death does. And Character can no more stand against Slander than Constitution against Arsenic. Therefore, I am

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dead. Nevertheless I live, and so do my hymns. I am regarded with a curious mixture of respect and distrust. Physical infirmity compels me to lead a life only semi-public, and I preach but once a Sunday: thought a wolf by many people who, on hearing me, are ready to admit that after all I may be a kind of sheep; isolated, yet bearing witness for Catholicity; and doing what the Orthodox neglect—that is, preaching Orthodoxy, showing and unfolding its truths, according to my ability, not merely stating its dogmas. . . . . .

"I should not myself apply the phrase 'Broad Church poetry' to my hymns, chiefly because 'Broad Church' is really a sectional and therefore a narrowing name; and also because the hymns are the fruit of personal experience and direct communion with Truth, not the results of affiliation to any school whatever. It will not be improper for me to say, nor unpleasant to you, that exactly such appreciation as yours the 'Rivulet' has had from many persons, of association with whom no one need be ashamed."

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TO THE SAME.

"*13th July*, 1867.

"I felt quite guilty on seeing your letter of 17th June, and even more so on reading it; for you say 'should you reply,' as if I was a hard sea-monster or a haughty arch-priest. Why, then, have I not replied to your former letter? In answering this direct, thrusting question, I might be content to borrow a hint from the lady who, when asked why such a thing was so, replied 'Because it is.' But I will tell you a little of my own tale of '67. In my previous communication I made you aware that I was no giant; and during the early summer months of this year I have been deplorably unwell, subject to daily faintness and exhaustion. Yet there came upon me about March, and stayed with me some time, a Spirit of hymn-writing, or rather making, for I seldom compose verse pen in hand and paper before me. And I have produced twenty-one hymns; and I hope, if they get into print, and I send them to you, you will not avenge yourself on me by disliking them. Certainly the hymns helped the faint-

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ness even more than the faintness hindered the hymns, though it sadly molested me, the poor worker. . . . . I confess that illness does lead remarkably, if not *quite* excusably, to procrastination in correspondence. On the 5th of this present July I entered on my jubilee year. I must be a better man. I am never intellectually, I may even say spiritually, inactive; but often things I *outwardly* want to do I feel as if I could not do, and very literally often I *cannot* do them. I have energy; but internal and external power are not equal. I did not hear silver trumpets sounding on the 5th to announce my liberation whilst yet a mortal from some of my special burdens of mortality, or as a Levite from my ecclesiastical labours, or as an outcast from the synagogue, from the ban and contumely that afflict my name. But it is something to have lived on to the fiftieth year, for a man whose life no office would insure, and whose dissolution has from boyhood upwards been at various eras confidently threatened and predicted."

The close of 1867 brought sad access of suffer-

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ing to Mr. Lynch. He had been preaching as usual on Thursday evening, and was aroused two hours after retiring to rest by a watchman's rattle and a cry of "Fire!" The house adjoining was in flames, and so rapidly did they spread that the firemen gave orders for the immediate removal of everything that was considered valuable. Neighbours were kindly helpful, and the most important contents of his study were safely lodged in one of their houses. Happily, although the house on fire was completely destroyed, his own escaped with little injury. But five hours' exposure to the cold of a frosty November night brought on a fearful attack of neuralgia, which lasted for a fortnight; and the weakness induced by the pain affected his throat so seriously, that he seldom afterwards could take a meal without much suffering, and the suffering sometimes most acute.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE AUGMENTED "RIVULET" AND OTHER MATTERS.

1868—1870.

TWELVE years had elapsed since the issue of the "Rivulet," and the clamour which met its appearance had passed away. Meanwhile its waters had been widely diffused: hymn after hymn had entered into "the use" of the churches, the spiritual man, under conditions orthodox and heterodox, discovering in them "expression meet" for heart and voice. The slow and sure verdict of common Christian experience was thus registered in the author's favour; and what more could he desire?

So encouraged, and a new edition being called for, he enriched and enlarged the volume with

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sixty-seven new hymns, the former editions containing but one hundred. To a literary friend he announced the publication—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"*2nd July*, 1868.

"I am issuing a new edition of the 'Rivulet' this week. It contains many additional hymns which I hope you will like. Though the Thames has not yet been set on fire, this lesser stream once blazed famously, and you did kind service in the ——, if not in putting it out, at any rate in getting me out of the flames. It will not prove combustible now I think; and nobody need either fear or loathe to drink of the river, unless he is very 'Egyptian,' that is, very Evangelical indeed."

To the Mornington congregation the enlarged "Rivulet" afforded especial satisfaction, and they made Mr. Lynch a present, which in due season he individually acknowledged in a printed letter, headed with the caution, "*Private: not for the Newspapers.*"

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"76, ARLINGTON STREET, MORNINGTON CRESCENT,
"*Wednesday, September* 30, 1868.

"I heartily thank my friends at Mornington Church for their generous gift, and yourself in particular for your kind contribution thereto. On the 5th of July last I attained the rather sorrowful dignity of being fifty years old; and on the 5th of August, as I was preparing to leave London in order to undergo my annual holiday, a purse containing two hundred pounds was brought me as a congratulatory offering from the good affections of our people. Who the ingenious person was that proposed I should, on reaching so important a station in life's journey, be met and comforted with a little money, I do not know; but I was emphatically assured that every contributor had offered willingly. And I believed this, because my friends are as considerate and liberal in their conduct towards me as they and I desire to be in the spirit of our faith and worship.

"Two hundred pounds! Undoubtedly it is true in this case, as in so many others, that 'two are better than one.' But if the first

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hundred pounds is a reward for living fifty years, the second must not be considered an encouragement for even trying to live fifty more. Happily no such heavy burden is laid upon your minister. He said on Sunday, September 20: 'I have been absent *six* weeks, by request. Part of the time I have spent on a sofa in the country, part at a window by the sea, going forth occasionally to the common, with its furze and its prospects, or to the shore, with its family of curious creatures and its restless neighbours the waves.' But even sympathetic persons, if they are tolerably strong, hear with some incredulity the assertion that there are people who feel every day 'weary and heavy-laden,' and whose holiday-time is often the most embarrassing and disappointing season of the year. Such people, though they may 'groan' a good deal (privately), 'being burdened,' may be of very cheerful temperament, thankful for life, and wishful to prolong it; and, at any rate, *almost* as happy as they consider they deserve to be. I am one of these people; and beg to state that the most exacting of those benevolent

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friends who insist on my taking what they are pleased to call recreation, cannot do me a greater little service (so to say) than to take for granted that I am 'as well as can be expected,' and cease to afflict me with the question, 'How do you do?'

"No directions have been furnished me as to how I am to dispose of my two hundred pounds. It is a free gift, for my free use. But, as a free man, I shall feel bound so to spend and to save as may best enable me to make more efficient the spiritual service it is my duty and honour to render. Money is vile or precious according to the getting and the using. The having it is no sure heaven, the want of it may be a sharp purgatory. It is a minister of sin—and of righteousness; never the most, and sometimes the least, serviceable of things; but usually a capital servant if it has even a tolerably sensible master.

"In the early years of my ministry I had to spend much that I would gladly have saved. More than half of what was necessary for living on the most moderate scale, I had to provide by

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work and from sources not congregational. But from the outset I have had in association with me liberal and sensible persons; and whatever I may have had to bear from people of another class—people who, alas, call themselves 'evangelical,' and yet are well described by a lady much honoured of me as those who 'do unjustly, talk uncharitably, and walk proudly before God'—I know of none such now in our congregation. Some who were my true friends at the first, have been friends *from* the first. Almost all new adherents, joining us in the course of the years, have brought new strength, some of them much new strength.

"The word 'evangelical,' which I have just used, is a word that once had only a distinguished, but now has also a debased sense. So its use is equivocal. But so was the use of the word 'Jew:' for in apostolic days there were men who said they were Jews, but were not. Did then the real Jew feel it otherwise than an honour to be Abraham's child? He blushed for those who dishonoured Abraham by boasting in his name without possessing his spirit: and

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desired himself to be so an 'Israelite indeed,' that if any one must blush for him, the blushes might at least be few. But what if some persisted in angry praises of the old clothes 'renovated,'—things that would only tear and not wear: were there no new clothes to be had, made of that same durable stuff wherewith Father Abraham clothed himself, though not shaped according to the pattern of his antique garments? Had the real Jew in his bright new raiment of spiritual faith no advantage? He had much every way. And so has the real 'evangelical' now. Let a man then neither be anxious to be called evangelical, nor ashamed to be so called. And if, having heard of a new covenant, a new heart, a new man, a new commandment and a new song, new heavens and a new earth, a new Jerusalem, and a God who will make all things new, he considers that a little 'new doctrine' may sometimes be wanted, especially as wayfarers in the very oldest of old paths must be new wayfarers, let him still prefer a dull old last century's guinea to a bright new last year's farthing, and not

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only spare, but reverentially guard the old tree whose shade stretches not hurtfully over the young fruit-trees, but gratefully over their cultivators, who, seated beneath the green venerable boughs, look forth and rejoice to see the new day smiling on the new orchard and new garden.

"For more than twenty-one years have I been a minister, and I have been banned as well as blessed; though sometimes the blessings have even been much the more abundant. And if I have kept one imaginary book that I may call the Raven Book, the earlier pages of which are now brown with lapse of time, I have also had another such book, that I may call the Samaritan Register. The 'Ravens,' so kind to prophets, have, with timely visiting, brought me now a letter with something in it besides ink, now a box not empty, or a book, or a bottle, or even a hamper, of such wine as it would have gladdened Paul's spirit to know was working its medicinal effect on Timothy's stomach. And though of the ten that I may have tried to heal or to comfort, even nine may have gone away and 'made no sign,' I have been sure of my

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'tithe'—some Samaritan always gives thanks to God for his word, and to me for ministering it. Among the earliest letters of encouragement that I received, I remember one particularly, not only from the eminence and interesting character of the writer, but from its association with circumstances not exhilarating. This letter came when days were dark. The writer had heard me accidentally. He then advised others to hear me. They 'thank him for his suggestion, assuring him that they reap the full benefit he prophesied.' 'I simply wish you,' he says in his letter to me, 'to be assured that you are remembered and pleaded for by some you little think of.'

"There were at this time sages hearing me, who occupied themselves in counting how often certain sacred words were used by me, and in determining whether my texts were taken from the Old Testament and the New in the right proportion. *They* were not 'more than astonished at the power and beauty of the illustrations of the text given by the preacher,' but would have been much astonished to hear

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him thus addressed: 'Cheer up, dear sir; the day of your proper estimation by the denomination to which you belong cannot be long delayed.' Of proper and improper estimation I have now had abundance. And in those days even, I had as good 'estimation' as ever I have had since, or can have. But as to 'denominational' estimation; of its quantity and its quality I will only say that neither has, at any rate, made me yield to the tempting voice that has said: 'Come down hither; leave the bleak windy heights of free Catholicity; come and be established; step aside into the Church.' 'Thank you, no,' I have replied; 'I will come a little way down to you, if you will come a little way up to me, and we will confer upon the hill-slope for our mutual advantage.' But *do* I belong to 'my denomination,' as, for instance, a dog might belong to me, so that if he does not obey orders, why he must expect the stick? I think *not*. But as I am the minister of a congregation that attends to its own affairs, and does not intrude into its neighbours' (we love our neighbours a little though, and hope they love us a little), I am

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willing, if any one thinks it worth his while to 'denominate' me, to be called a Congregationalist.

"Assailed, then, and with many a buffet, but 'comforted with love,' I continue unto this day. It is well, however, that you should know that in giving me this purse you have not gratified everybody. A 'sincere and faithful man,' as he says he is, is not pleased. He has read of the presentation in the newspapers ('Who told the newspapers,' said I, 'I wonder?'), and has taken the trouble to write to me, and say that he 'envies neither pastor nor people.' There is a proverb, 'Better be envied than pitied.' But all he can do is to pity us, or at least the 'people.' He fears you will be 'ultimately ruined;' not I hope, however, by trusting in yourselves that you are righteous and despising others. I had gone out with wife and son, just as I was recovering from a severe attack of illness, for a ride, over a large country, at bright noon, in the sweetest silence, and our hap was to see, among other country sights, a hornet's nest. We looked up with

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cautious but not unadmiring eyes at the cunningly wrought paper home of these powerful insects, placed in the hollow of a huge and ancient chestnut-tree. Too like paper-loving 'Evangelicals' the insects seemed. Yet it is religion's hornets, not nature's, that sting for the love of stinging. On getting back to our lodgings, I found awaiting me the 'faithful' man's letter. But perceiving its quality, and considering that my dinner would do me most good; according to the rule, 'Business first, and pleasure—or what not—afterwards,' I dined, and then read the letter, not without some edification. Its lesson was this: Stupidity and malevolence go together; and 'Evangelicals' will never become more modest and loving till they become more thoughtful and are more carefully instructed in the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' How much better to resemble birds that sing among branches green with a present life, than wasps or hornets that issue forth for mischief from the hollows of decay lined with newspaper, letter-paper, or other paper unwisely blackened! Better sing than sting. Better love than hate.

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"The anonymous censor I have referred to would not have been worth even an allusion, had he not in so untimely and officious a manner presented himself as a specimen of a class which I know to be still large. And here let me add: I write with embarrassment, because Experience has so much to say that cannot with propriety be said—already, indeed, I may have said too much; and Reflection—grave, melancholy power—would, if I inserted all his suggestions, make this letter as long as a sermon, and even more tiresome. Long enough, indeed, I have kept you waiting for the letter. But often to give a man time is as friendly an act as to give him money.

"As to my deficiencies, you know more of them, possibly, than I do; but they are not likely to keep you awake at night as they keep me. And as to the excellencies I aim at, these are some of them. I aim to be reasonable; to favour, not to fetter, the best action of the intellect. And I aim to be never intellectual only, but to put before you and myself the convincing word as the glorious word.

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I aim to preach for spiritual pleasure—that we may delight ourselves in God because he is good and his mercy endureth for ever: and for spiritual power—that what we know we may, with brightened lamp and girded loins, go forth to declare and to do. I aim to be worldly and yet holy, affirming that the feud between spiritual and secular is a wrongful and ignoble feud. I aim to show that Eternity is to-day's friend, and to invigorate our faith in the future, and quash our fears concerning it, by insisting on the truth that Love and Right are eternal, and must triumph. I aim to be just, and catholic, and pitiful: and to be homely, and various and natural. And I do *not* aim to be 'orthodox' or 'liberal,' or 'sound' or 'broad,' by special designation, but to preach Jesus Christ as the Emmanuel, simply and fully as I can; earnestly too, and winningly, as one should who knows what a dark secret the human heart has, and what a deceiving tormenting worm infests it; and knows too the costly anguish of the work by which Emmanuel righted the wrong done through the 'creature'

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to God and to itself; and is confident, that only by the pure patient love of the Living God can 'miserable' man through his faith in this love, and his gradual dying out of evil and rising into good by the spirit this love bestows, become happy man; holy, friendly, perfect man. And much else I aim at, more or less involved in the pursuit of these excellencies spoken of as sought by me. 'Who is sufficient for these things?'

"Should my mental power fail me for spiritual service, I hope I shall have the grace to begone without waiting for you to say 'Go.' And should my health be soon quite broken, there will but be the shattering of one more candlestick made of potter's clay: the golden candlestick of the divine word will abide for you, and the inextinguishable light of its yet more golden, of its most heavenly flame, will shine on for you, and will shine for ever.

"I am, dear Friend,

"Yours, and the Congregation's,

"Gratefully and faithfully,

"THOS. T. LYNCH."

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Here is an amusing experience written to a "depressed spirit" during his holiday—

"HASTINGS, 14*th September*, 1868.

"Some years ago I had a friend subject to fits of despair. He would write to me as if the world, HIS world, were now CERTAINLY coming to an end. I then, full of horrified sympathy, would set out on a visit of condolence; but arrived, lo! the rooms lighted, the piano going, my friend in fine spirits, and all things looking so disgustingly delightful, that my sympathy turned to wrath. I hope you do not resemble this gentleman, and declare yourself in the valley, when you only WERE so, and are now more than half way up the hill you believed you could never climb."

TO A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"18*th September*, 1868.

"An hour or two ago we were cheered by your note. But now you tell us that love and care can do no more. Their work has not

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been altogether vain; for to die beloved is to die blessed. And the care that was not permitted to secure what it so earnestly sought, reminds us of that higher care which never fails to attain its end. She whom man might not preserve, God has received. Her husband and her parents have lost her, but her heavenly Father has her safe in the heavenly home. Certain truth this; and yet such truth is never at first consolatory to the full. But how much better a hope sure to brighten, than no hope at all! I am very very sorry for you, for your troubles have been many. But my dear Mr. ——, let 'patience have her perfect work.' You know in whom you have believed, and that He is the Resurrection and the Life—the Eternal Life."

ON A POETESS AND HER OPINIONS.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"*28th September*, 1868.

"Tell Mrs. F—— that I was really much obliged to her for the poetic welcome she gave to my book, though it reached me in days when

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I was almost too hot to be grateful. The verses are now in my treasury, tied up with very red tape. I perceive that Mrs. F—— is 'sound in the faith' about women. She has not given in to the modern heresy that they are the equals of men. I fancy her addressing us thus:—'Men! Listen to truth. Let not a few foolish sisters deceive you. Think not that we shall ever claim to be your equals, who have been from earliest time your SUPERIORS. What was Adam's flesh, his best flesh, the flesh nearest his heart, but a kind of dough, out of which Eve was fashioned! Or, to use illustrations yet more elevated, think you that the fragrant pea will claim to be the equal of the stick that lifts it into the air that its sweetness may be seen and diffused? Or is the ruddy, luscious peach no better than the dull wall that holds it forth to the sunbeam? Shall heaven descend to be the equal of earth? Our thoughts are as much deeper than yours, as our hairs are longer, and our way as much more excellent as our fingers are more delicate? But to accommodate our argument to your understanding, who is it that broils your chop, and

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warms your slippers, and mends your stockings, and—spends your money?'

"Formidable doctrine this. But shall better-half become only half?"

A CASE OF WINE.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"*5th December*, 1868.

"I must send you, according to the adage, a Roland for your *Oliver*.* Roland was, I believe, a knight who could give stroke for stroke, and if he couldn't repay one kindness by another, no doubt he at least gave thanks promptly—and heartily, as I do.

"Your wine came with curious timeliness. The last glass of a last bottle had just been poured out, and I had said, 'Now we must go to the dogs;' meaning we must accept one of two evils, a pulse too low for the want of wine, or a purse too low through procuring it. 'To the *docks?*' said my wife. 'No,' said I, 'though there is wine enough there doubtless, 'to the *dogs;*' which she said was wicked. But could

* The wine-merchant's name.

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it be wicked when, five minutes afterwards, as I was sipping a cup of coffee, 'a case of wine' was announced?

"Thus was our case altered, and I must be, as the old folk used to say, 'case-hardened,' which I suppose means hardened against the instruction and impression 'cases' may yield, did I not consider this a great case of kindness on your part, feel gratified by the gift, and edified by its kindliness.

"Mr. Gladstone in the high chair at last! Wisely may he fill it, as he assuredly will conscientiously."

TO A REQUEST TO PREACH IN THE COUNTRY.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"*3rd April*, 1869.

"The proposed sermon is to be a week-day one, I presume, and may be arranged for a Wednesday or Thursday. That being so, I should like to come; but really I must ask your advice. It would please me to try and do some good, and to show you that I am ready to try. But though I have been working steadily with-

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out break-down for some time, and that both Sundays and week-days, my infirmities have been increasing, not lessening. For instance, to eat my dinner costs me more trouble than to preach a sermon; and I have not left the house once alone for more than a year, for fear of sudden illness—this by medical direction. So I *might* fail you.

"I will engage provisionally to come some time in September, if you think it worth while to accept risks. But it is fair to warn you."

WORK AND CARE.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"*7th May*, 1869.

"Preach! preach! Preaching will not kill a man's care, but it will prevent his care from killing him. I wonder whether pleasanter days, warm as well as sunny, when we at last get them, will do you good. I hope so."

To many of Mr. Lynch's hearers it was a cause of regret that his sermons were not reported, and that so much valuable matter

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perished with the occasion. But not only had the expense of reporting to be considered, but it was not easy to secure the preacher's assent. In a letter we find him saying—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"*20th February.* 1865.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——, I find my wife has sent back Mr. ——'s [a reporter's] sermon. She read it to me, giving herself a severe headache and driving me nearly distracted. It wants marking out into paragraphs, words adding, and some corrections; else it had better be put in the fire to brighten that.

"If you will let me see it some day, I will try and make it readable. I do not like sermons of mine separated from their companions and co-workers, to go roaming about bearing a broken testimony concerning us."

However, in the spring of 1869, a most efficient reporter was engaged, and the discourses of some months secured—now regarded as a treasure of great importance. Of these "A

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Group of Six Sermons" was published in 1869. At the same time his lectures on Thursday evenings were taken, and a volume of a more popular character issued under the title of "The Mornington Lecture."

Of a spirit most catholic, Mr. Lynch was a dissenter with reason, and his reasons he was always ready to render on proper occasion. Here is a passage from a vacation letter—

"TENCHLEYS PARK, NEAR LIMPSFIELD,
"*10th August*, 1869.

"Mr. —— is an able man, and possibly magnanimous enough to blush or to sigh when he thinks that a parson who 'fights in the open,' outside the lines of ecclesiastic protection, has a much harder task, and yet may not be a worse man than himself. I believe in Justice, and Anglicanism is injustice. The Established Church could not remain as it is for a twelvemonth, but for the superstition of Respectability, and out of that fœtid mist we must all keep our heads lifted up clear and high.

"I was pleased to see lately a letter from

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Mr. ——, asserting in a Church print the superior liberality of the 'Dissenting' Ministry, when of a tolerably good sort."

PROTOPLASM.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"*27th November*, 1869.

"Thanks for your note and Dr. Stirling's very able lecture,* which I have read with much pleasure. The lecture is stronger, I think, in the philosophical than in the physiological part. . . . . But, on the whole, he offers good physic to the physicists. If Huxley is clear—he is sometimes clearly wrong; and if Dr. Stirling's expression is sometimes obscure, there is light enough in him to dissipate clouds of misapprehension in the minds of sundry protoplastic readers.

"If but a pair of boots could be got, made of genuine protoplasm, I should think by walking about they might develop a pair of legs in them, these surmount themselves with a body and a heart, and finally a head form at the top of the

* "As Regards Protoplasm," by J. H. Stirling.

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affair that should know all about it, though the boots knew nothing about it; and if boots can provide themselves with a man to use them for walking and kicking, why should not the world provide itself with a god to take care of it, and the real soul of the world be only such a sole as that of the aforesaid boots? Philosophy says God made the world; pseudo-science says the world made God. Bathybius is making him now at the Sea-bottom, instead of Bathybian processes being his footsteps in the great waters, as He takes his way through them. It is sad to be all eyes and no sight. Please understand that this note is not an essay on Protoplasm.

> " 'Twixt Mind and Thing there was a chasm
> Which now is bridged by Protoplasm;
> If you're a Thing and feel inclined,
> Just cross and you'll become a Mind."

DESTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

" 1869.

"I am constructive. I despise the cleverness and conceit of the day that whittles up old dead sticks into chips, strewing the ground with them,

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and says, See what work I do! The shreddings of the knife of criticism are not *seeds* out of which anything will grow. And people that cut, cut, as if there were nothing else to be done, soon take to cutting living things, and kill what they affect to prune."

A REASON FOR NOT WRITING.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"*22nd January*, 1870.

"If you were to commit a crime, meet with a misfortune, or be seized with a complaint, I would write to you. But though I care for you as much as ever, I do not care about writing to you, because you are not now a Solitary, but companioned; and I hope in the smooth waters of content and prosperity."

CONSOLATION.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"*23rd March*, 1870.

"MY DEAR MRS. ——, I wish you were nearer to us; then I would come and talk to Mr. ——, and try to cheer him up.

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"Tell him from me that if his sins have been even as bad as his dreams, there is a morning coming, as we hope, both for him and for us, when sins as well as dreams will be done with. Those who sincerely desire to awake to righteousness in this life through their merciful Saviour, and to keep awake by the power of his Good Spirit, may gratefully hope to awake to blessedness in the next, and never to grow drowsy any more through dulness of soul and weariness of body, nor dreamy because of confusing pain or saddening memories.

"Dreams may come from above, and so they may from below. And when they come from below, our Heavenly Friend knows the distress they occasion, and will make their evil work to good account for us. Remember, He that is Above is above *all*. Sins that sadden, and dreams that madden, are alike under his control.

"Tell Mr. —— that I quite approve of his thinking very highly of his wife, but he must think even more highly of his God. Will a just wife who loves her husband love him not

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the less but the more because of his tenderness of conscience concerning his early life; and will a just God taunt the penitent man in whom, it may be, true and humble worth is steadily increasing, through his union with Christ? Is it God's design to put us to as much shame as possible, or to save us from all unnecessary exposure, as well as from the sins that, but for his forgiving love and its purifying grace, would have robbed us altogether of honour and happiness?

"We each of us know our own story; and God, who knows the *worst* of us, has the best hopes for us, so to say—better than our own or our friends' hopes, if only we desire to be made good. None so innocent but must enter the way of Salvation by the gate of Repentance; none so guilty but that Christ who died for us all can make his sins die, and give him resurrection unto life."

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST YEAR.

1870—1871.

AS we have seen, in rest there was little rest for Mr. Lynch, and his nerves were so strung, that whether to keep active or keep still was a questionable alternative for relief. In his usual vacation he wrote—

"GODALMING, *21st August*, 1870.

"This is the first line I have written since leaving home. As usual, holiday is for me mere purgatory. We leave this place on Wednesday, perhaps for London. . . . . If I do not get very decidedly better in the course of next year, I have determined to resign my office at Mornington Church at Midsummer. A house or lodging

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a little way from town might extend my working life a year or two (I hardly dare hope for it now though); but to live wholly without recreation or exercise, as I have done, and then to come suddenly into quite a new mode of life, is hazardous and distressing. Most unwilling as I naturally am to resign my post, I begin to think that it will be best for every one that I should do so."

Yet out of his own discomfort he was ever ready to dispense comfort; and thus he addressed a sufferer—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"*30th September*, 1870.

"DEAR MISS ——, These lovely days are days we hope of some quiet enjoyment for you, notwithstanding languor. The air seems full of the soothing spirit of divine pity and kindness. All is congenial to the temper of a pious invalid who wishes to bear her affliction calmly, and even thankfully. Perhaps as you look out on sky and country, you feel that the still autumn

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weather speaks of the peace that we hope for when the days of eternal health come. . . . . Whether it requires more grace to be good when well or when ill, depends partly upon the person and partly upon the sort of illness, so we might say. But this you will have found out, that each state requires its special grace, and every person his or her own particular mercy from the Father of mercies."

His difficulty in preaching appears in the following note—only one need not take the sermon at his own estimate. Often when dissatisfied with himself, his audience was of a widely different mind.

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"*3rd October*, 1870.

". . . . . Our collection yesterday was fairly good; at any rate, it was better than the sermon—that was incomprehensibly bad. There was a good one—one to the purpose—inside me; but, like Marshal Bazaine, it could not get out, though it made several desperate sorties.

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I mean to hold on a few Sundays more, and then, if not relieved, I must capitulate."

To a friend he wrote—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"10*th October*, 1870.

"As to myself, I do not like to trouble my friends with complaining about my complaints. Enough that—more than enough, as I have sometimes felt—I have been this year harassed and embarrassed with old infirmities. Affliction protracted seems to press not the grape, but the grape-skin; and yield not wine that one might humbly offer to God in a sacramental cup, but poorer, in which one's most courteous neighbour is obliged to hint that he perceives more acid than should be."

Here is another note of consolation—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"19*th November*, 1870.

"DEAR MISS ——, Is it well with you? I hope so; though you are as far as ever, or per-

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haps a little farther, from being what we call 'well.' But if you are patient in suffering that evil meant for good, which has been appointed for you, and are 'quiet from fear of evil' other and greater, then it *is* well with you. Then may we most show our trust in God, when we have least strength in ourselves. And if it be our true desire to escape that greatest evil—the falling away from God into a state of ingratitude, distrust, and indifference—we may be sure that He will save us from it. Perhaps you sometimes pass from a tranquil state into one in which you only feel that you cannot feel. But God's faithfulness to his own word of mercy given us does not depend on our apprehension of it. From all that I hear of you, I rather anticipate your entry into that better country of which Scripture tells and hymns sing, than your return to us here. I doubt not that pleasant means are provided there for the perfecting of those who, though they humbly hope that they shall sleep in Jesus and be blest, feel that if they had been permitted to live longer below, they could and they would have made greater

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efforts than they have yet done to learn of Him and serve Him and resemble Him. If you have ere long to hear the call that says 'away,' it will, I thankfully believe, be a call 'up' as well as 'away;' and in the vigour of a new life you will know the worth of what has been here given you in pious lessons and examples; the greatness of the mercy that has forgiven you what has been amiss; and the full power of that Saviour who has been the nourisher of all Good in you, and has been preparing you for new Scenes and new Services above.

"When I wrote last I thought rather of a possible journey you might make to the Sea; now I rather think of one you may make to the Sky. But whether you go Seawards or Skywards, there is but one Providence on which you have to rely."

And another to a mother on the dangerous illness of her son—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"12*th December*, 1870.

. . . . . "Anxious indeed is such watching and waiting as yours. But there are prayers

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without words, as there are 'songs without words;' and the deep inward wish of a heart that desires to submit to God always has acceptance with Him. Though for a while the spirit may be as waters that within are dark, and upon whose surface there is frosty stillness, yet, because of the faithful Sun of Righteousness, and therefore of consolation, there is hope; the ice will melt, the surface ripple, and within there will be a bright calm instead of a dull one.

"I trust your son will be spared to you. Many a mother has endeavoured to resign her son, and then has received him back again as from the dead, and as a divine reward for her endeavour."

And here is one in a lively spirit addressed to a friend who complained that the world, the flesh, and the devil interfered with his happiness—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,

"*23rd December*, 1870.

"MY DEAR MR. ——, One consolation I can offer you. It is better to have W., F., and D.

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for your enemies than for your friends. While a man is intent on getting what he calls happiness at any price, W., F., and D. will carouse with him, and say they will see to it that he does not fail. But as soon as he tries for something better than popular happiness (still liking to have a little taste of it though, now and then), they turn against him, and declare that at no price (much they know about it!) shall he have either that happiness or a better. I do not wish certainly that you were the exclusive object of W., F., and D.'s hostility, but I do wish they would leave off besieging and bombarding me—and you too, if such deliverance would be good for you. F. flurries me, W. worries me, and D. deceives me, if he can, but I am 'not ignorant of his devices.'"

To an invitation to preach he thus replied—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"*7th January*, 1871.

"I did not know your handwriting on the envelope of your welcome letter. It never had

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any evil peculiarities, but it has grown firmer, which shows that you are a happy, successful man. It slopes evenly like a field of summer corn in a gentle breeze, and doesn't straggle all ways like a mind disturbed by divers winds of doctrine.

"Truly I was very glad to hear from you, and felt a pleasing sense of relief, like a man who has been absolved of a crime. For you must know that I had felt guilty of not having written to you for a long time, and now I know that I am forgiven. But I cannot confess to having at any time forgotten you, and I can say that often I have wished that you were my neighbour, or I yours, for feeble creatures such as I want more sympathetic associates than are easily to be met with, even among parsons.

"It is a satisfaction to me that you can find something to please you in the 'Mornington Lecture.' Of course such subjects as inspiration and the like are but slenderly (though I hope tenderly too) dealt with. They have had much fuller treatment from me in sermons.

"Sermons! Would that I could with

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assurance accept your kind invitation. But it would be faith passing into *un*holy boldness, I fear, for me to do so. I am now 'feeble, old, and grey,' and have been this year sorely disabled. In 1869 I went to Nottingham for some pulpit work, and that was my last preaching expedition. It saddens me to feel that I ought not to engage to try and serve you as you wish. How pleased I should be to come! to see your good friends and your better self."

And to the same, in reply to a renewed invitation to visit and preach for him—

"76, ARLINGTON STREET,
"*16th January*, 1871.

"But now to business. I feel like the gentleman who could not invite his friend to dinner, because, *first*, there was no dinner, and then, for many other reasons which he had not time to specify. At any rate I must respectfully decline to come to you, first, because I can't come—but really I am not aware of any other

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reasons for not coming, though of course I could find them if I wished to. But I do not. The case, however, is this. I have been for some time, and still am, on the very brink, so to say, of resigning my office. Physically I am very nearly disabled. I am mortified and saddened, and sometimes feel as if I could weep, wail, and gnash my teeth all at once, because of the heavy, steady, crippling pressure of infirmity. I really would have liked to come, but I must not dally with myself, and deceive you. It is important that your arrangements should be certain, and be made early.

"Mr. —— is said to be an energetic worker. Such are needed. Energy! Gambetta has enough of that; but what counts most, is just now most wanting—Wisdom. What a work those two sons of Satan—Lies and Lightness —have wrought in France!"

Thus conscious of failing strength, in the pulpit he exhibited no sign of weakness, and his congregation, long familiar with his energy,

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notwithstanding infirmity, were wholly unprepared for their imminent loss. He was to die in harness.

Latterly he had become very desirous of living a little farther from town. He pined for more space and fresher air. But the difficulty was his inability to endure the fatigue of riding a mile or two on Sundays before preaching. He felt greatly perplexed, not knowing what step to take. On Thursday the 4th of May, hearing of a house within a short distance, the situation of which he thought might suit, he determined to go and look at it; but a violent spasm of the heart seized him, as was then almost always the case when he attempted to ride, and he was obliged to return home. He lay quietly for some hours on the sofa, and said he would give up seeking for change of residence, for it was evidently useless. When a little revived, he sang in a low voice Williams's fine old hymn, "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah," to a tune of his own composing.

In the evening he preached from Luke

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xxii. 11, "Where is the guest chamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?" It was an address preparatory to the communion on the following Sunday, and was delivered with his usual vigour and fulness. Those who were present will never forget that service.

He came home very much exhausted, but next day prepared for his Sunday's work in his ordinary manner. But that night, after retiring to rest, he became ill and very feverish. In the morning his medical friend was sent for, who said at once that it would be impossible for him to preach the next day. He received the remark very quietly, and shortly after gave directions respecting supplies for the pulpit. He passed a very restless day, and the night that followed was still more distressing. During the Sunday he was unable to speak many words; but when he did, he expressed a strong desire to live, if it were the will of God. To his affectionate nature, life had still great attractions, and many things he had purposed were unaccomplished. Towards evening the fever left

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him, and exhaustion followed. All that his kind medical friend could do was done, but he never rallied. To two of his near relatives who had been sent for, he spoke a few words. To one who expressed a hope that they would meet again, he said, with a momentary return of his old energy, "I *know* it." His illness from the first was so extreme, that only one other friend could be allowed to see him, and this friend prayed with him, commending his departing spirit to God. To him he said, "Now I am going to begin to live."

His medical attendant remained with him until late on Monday night, and soon after he left the last change began. Without struggle or sigh, he gradually ceased to breathe on the morning of May 9th, 1871.

He has been described as Pastor and Friend. Of his domestic character little need be said. As a master he was just and considerate; as husband and father, intensely loving and greatly beloved.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, 16th May.

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After a service at Mornington Church, conducted by the Rev. Edward White and the Rev. J. C. Harrison, the congregation followed the body to Abney Park Cemetery. There was a great gathering around the grave, and says Mr. White, "I have attended many funerals, but I never saw so many men in tears as at Mr. Lynch's burial." On the following Sunday the Rev. Thomas Binney read the lessons in Mornington Church, and the Rev. Samuel Cox, of Nottingham, preached the funeral sermon, which was afterwards printed.

A volume, entitled, "Sermons for my Curates," was published a few months subsequently, edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. The sermons were written by Mr. Lynch some years before, and were read to the congregation in the evening by friendly volunteers. Hence the playful title.

Over the grave in Abney Park Cemetery a stone with the following inscription was erected by his congregation—

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To the Beloved Memory

OF

THE REV. THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

BORN 5TH JULY, 1818
DIED 9TH MAY, 1871

FOR 22 YEARS MINISTER OF THE
CONGREGATION ASSEMBLING AT MORNINGTON
CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON

HE WAS IN HIS OWN WORDS WHEN DESCRIBING THE TRUE
PASTOR AND TEACHER

A HERALD OF GOD LOVING HIS MESSAGE
A GUARDIAN OF THE LIGHT OF GOD HOLDING IT FORTH
CONSPICUOUSLY
A SHEPHERD WHOSE WISDOM WAS AS A FOLD FOR THE
SAVIOUR'S SHEEP
AND HIS COMFORTABLE WORDS
A HOSPICE ON THE RUDE MOUNTAINS FOR THOSE
WHO ARE CROSSING THEM ON THEIR WAY
TO THE PROMISED COUNTRY

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD
YEA, SAITH THE SPIRIT
THAT THEY MAY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS
AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM

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CHAPTER XIV.

IN CONCLUSION.

"A BIRD'S heart without a bird's wings." So Mr. Lynch once described himself; but the best simile does little more than indicate what many words might fail to exhaust. His powerful, agile, and radiant spirit was enclosed in a body unequal to its service, and thereby limited, restrained, defeated.

Yet having said so much, let us not forget nor be thankless for what was accomplished. If much that he would have done he could not, yet how large and how excellent was that which he achieved! His work was "the work of the preacher," and by that work he should be estimated. For years he preached systematically, and his sermons represented a volume

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and variety of thought, which it might be difficult to characterise without the appearance of exaggeration. Let any competent critic take up the "Three Months' Ministry," and consider that these sermons are merely an average of hundreds, and then reflect what such hundreds stand for. Mr. Bright has recently questioned the possibility of preachers maintaining freshness and interest in their theme Sunday after Sunday, though he allows that there may be exceptions. Of exceptions, Mr. Lynch was an eminent example. It was not difficult for him to preach twice, or thrice, a week; nor was it difficult to listen to him as often. Let it not, however, be supposed that his sermons cost little, being produced without study or effort. On the contrary, their production was the business of his life—his chosen and joyful business. It was his delight to communicate his mind to his people from the pulpit; and to be deprived of that communication was such hardship that often in his feeblest times the question for decision was, whether he would not suffer more from the restraint of silence than

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from the exertion of speech. His sermons were not improvisations; he spoke from a scheme mentally laid down, whilst much was given in the inspiration of the occasion. "For ten years," testifies one of his hearers, "I never missed a sermon or lecture that by any possibility I could find my way to; and, hearing him uninterruptedly, I never heard him repeat himself. I never could say, 'That, or something like that, have I heard before.' Hence I resorted to him with perpetual expectation." And with all his luxuriance there was no carelessness. "Lynch's ministry," said a lady, "is affluence with accuracy." Thoughts in words went forth together matched and mastered. He said what he wished to say, and nothing more.

As a rule, his sermons were addressed to thoughtful people, and presupposed a certain information and interest in spiritual things. "One great aim of your preacher," he said in 1851, "is to refresh, assist, and satisfy considerate, inquiring persons." This aim he steadily pursued, and it is to be borne in mind by every reader of his sermons. Sometimes it

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was complained that he preached over the heads of the vulgar, but the answer was obvious that others besides the vulgar have to be provided for. When there was opportunity, he could adapt his discourse to the humblest, and with a directness and vivacity that kept every faculty alert. Indeed, that Mr. Lynch was not a popular preacher was due simply to the fact that circumstances did not so shape his duty. His mission, to use an over-worn word, was specially to the sceptical and scattered, many of whom were led by him into "the unity of the faith." In dealing with doubts he was singularly successful, and some who imagined that they had seen an end of all arguments for Christianity, discovered in him a body of evidence of which they had no conception. An active agent of unbelief, after spending an evening with him, remarked to a friend, "If I could have seen the Bible as Mr. Lynch exhibits it, I should never have had a word to say against it."

To his more attached followers Mr. Lynch's ministry might be most adequately described as "a comfortable ministry"—comfortable in its

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moral invigoration, and, beyond all, comfortable in the constant sense that ran through his utterances of the omnipotence of Divine Love as revealed in Jesus Christ.

"What heaven so high, but love is still beyond?
What hell so deep, that love is not below?
What length of times bemused by fancy fond,
What breadth of countries has the world to show,

"Such that love is inadequate to fill,
To reach, to brighten, and to reconcile?
All in the all is Love, and hidden still
It opens with a new and heightened smile."

Citing "The Rivulet," leads us to remark what a celestial element it contributed to the worship of the congregation, and how it blent into harmony with the devotion and the instruction of the preacher. And those who so tested "The Rivulet" year after year may most confidently speak of its merits. With familiarity the hymns lost nothing, but gained thereby, and revealed a depth and delicacy of thought and tenderness of feeling which a cursory acquaintance might have missed. Indeed, like all true poetry, "The Rivulet" requires to be

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studied, and repays study; but whether by reason of the disagreeable notoriety attached to it, or simply from oversight, the volume has never received the recognition to which it is entitled—albeit hymn after hymn has passed silently into the currency of the churches. It is difficult to select examples, but what is there finer in conception and expression in any hymnal than this, entitled—

"EMMANUEL."

"Why stooped the Majesty on high?
Why spake so simply the Allwise?
How came Omnipotence to sigh?
Why wept the Joy of all the skies?

"Shall, then, the Father all things know
Except the children's want and pain?
And in his heart all sunshine glow,
Except the sunshine after rain?

"And all great things may He perform
Save greatly fill a humble part?
And rule, but never feel, the storm
That buffets us in face and heart?

"And may He in abstrusest lore
Teach angels his eternal sway,
But never come to our own door
To give us comfort for the day?

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"Day's burden off, its labours done,
Poor lodging at the weary end
Had He, of gold and silver none,
A needy man, and all men's friend.

"Be glad, the world of toils and scorns
But perfects Him whom first it mars;
O, love Him for his crown of thorns,
Then praise Him for his crown of stars."

In private Mr. Lynch was the cheerfulest of company. Of his health he had so little to say that was good, that he only referred to it under compulsion. It was of others he talked, rarely of himself. And what talk his was, genial, sprightly, profound! "He was the most wonderful discourser I ever listened to," says the Rev. Edward White. "He gave to most men quite a new conception of the possibilities of power in conversation. There was a method, a grasp, a breadth, a fulness, an outpouring of spiritual energy, a fine humour, a sweetness, too, and a beauty reflected or borrowed from all that is bright and fair, which simply fascinated you, and held the ablest men spell-bound." Few left him without the sense of a fresh light

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on their own or the world's affairs, or without some happy saying of amusement or consolation. He was no ascetic, but a very man of the world in capacity and common-sense. He read widely and carefully, and what he knew he knew thoroughly. In politics, literature, and science he had a perennial interest, and for all that made for human improvement the heartiest sympathy.

"A bird's heart without a bird's wings:" so he once described himself: "Now I am going to begin to live" were among his last words as he passed from earth:

> "If we who sing must sometimes sigh,
> Yet life, beginning with a cry,
> In hallelujah ends."

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CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF MR. LYNCH'S WRITINGS.

1844. Thoughts on a Day.

1850. Memorials of Theophilus Trinal.

1853. Essays on some of the Forms of Literature.

1853. Lectures in Aid of Self-Improvement, addressed to Young Men and Others.

1855. Hymns for Heart and Voice: The Rivulet.

1856. Songs Controversial.

1856. The Ethics of Quotation.

1860. Among Transgressors. A Theological Tract.

1861. Three Months' Ministry: a Series of Sermons.

1868. The Rivulet: a Contribution to Sacred Song. [A new edition, with sixty-seven additional hymns.]

1869. A Group of Six Sermons.

1870. The Mornington Lecture: Thursday Evening Addresses.

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CHRONOLOGICAL LIST.

POSTHUMOUS.

1871. Sermons for my Curates. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox.

1872. Letters to the Scattered, and other Papers. Contributed chiefly to the *Christian Spectator*, 1855-56.

1872. Tunes to Hymns in the Rivulet. Edited by Thomas Pettit, A.R.A.M.

It is sometimes asked whether Mr. Lynch left nothing in manuscript. There are sermons, chiefly reported, but whether any will be published depends on circumstances. They abound in passages alive with the author's genius, and, if entire publication be unadvisable, we may hope for selections.

THE END.

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